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2877



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## SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.

I read somewhere the other day a contemptuous reference to Southey's letters. It gave me a shock, and yet, upon reflection I had to admit that from a purely literary point of view it had some justification. In spite of this, I can always turn with pleasure to the ten volumes of correspondence. I might justify myself by the often quoted passage in which Thackeray contrasts Southey as the true gentleman with the spurious article called George IV. "Southey's politics," said Thackeray, "are obsolete, and his poetry dead; but his private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathise with goodness and purity and love and upright life." Professor Dowden's charming account of Southey (in the "Men of Letters" Series) is a prolonged commentary upon the same theme. I should be glad if I could set down my own liking for the letters to sheer sympathy with goodness and purity. I am aware, indeed that it is the fashion to drop all moral prejudices before putting on one's critical robes; but I have a sneaking regard for the qualities mentioned by Thackeray when they are not smothered under too heavy a burthen of intellectual feebleness. Southey's virtues are not obscured by that defect. His letters are the self-portraiture of a man whose good qualities

are seconded by superabundant vivacity. I am afraid, however, that this does not quite sum up the impression which they make. Southey was not exactly the typical saint—the man whose talents serve only to give lustre to the beauty of holiness. The eulogy which I have quoted would be equally applicable to Lamb's favorite Quaker, John Woolman, a touching incarnation of simplicity and goodwill to man. Now, Southey was no Quaker, but a man of war from his youth up—a hard hitter and a good hater; and such qualities, though they may be excellent, are not simple applications of the Sermon on the Mount. Thackeray would, of course, have given some touches of this kind if he had been drawing a full length portrait, and not simply seeking for an antithesis to his pet aversion. Professor Dowden, I think, went a little too far in toning down the qualities which do not exactly fit the ideal candidate for canonization. I am content for my part to say that Southey reached such moral excellence as is possible for his position. He is good enough (if I may speak as a member of the craft) to serve as the patron-saint of men of letters by profession, though we must humbly confess that he would be a little out of place in a more exalted sanctuary. A man who

lives by his pen must renounce some pretensions to lofty morality; he cannot expect to be on a pedestal beside the great philanthropists and prophets and statesmen. He confesses himself to belong to a lower class of humanity; but he may be a good specimen of his class, as a cab-horse may be a good cab-horse though he does not expect to win the Derby. If he pays his bills and is kind to his family, and does not sell his pen to the enemy, he deserves respect in his life, and may at least claim the usual complimentary epitaph. Southey is interesting to me because he represents the high-water mark in that direction during his own generation. He is the most complete type of the man fitted by nature for this peculiar function, which one must sorrowfully admit not to be the highest.

The problem which presents itself to the professional man of letters might be illustrated by that most pathetic autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant which has, I think, been rather harshly judged. Mrs. Oliphant thought (and, as I believe, with some justice) that, if freed from pecuniary pressure, she could have rivalled some more successful authors, and possibly have written a novel fit to stand on the same shelf with *Adam Bede*. She resigned her chance of such fame because she wished to send her sons to Eton. It is, of course, clear enough that, if she had sent them to some humbler school, she might have come nearer to combining the two aims and have kept her family without sacrificing her talents to over-production. But, granting the force of the dilemma, I confess that I honor rather than blame the choice. I take it to be better for a parent to do his (or her) parental duty than to sacrifice the duty to "art" or the demands of posterity. Perhaps that is because I have a low opinion of the intrinsic value of artistic masterpieces. But I re-

fer to Mrs. Oliphant merely to emphasize Southey's peculiarity. To him there scarcely appeared to be any dilemma at all. He says in an early letter that he has sacrificed prospects of wealth and rank to "one overwhelming propensity;" but that propensity, he adds "has made me happy and will make me immortal." He gave up his chances of a seat on the wool-sack for the certainty of a place beside Milton or Spenser. He never doubted the possibility of combining the professional author with the inspired prophet. Undoubtedly the feat has been performed. Masterpieces have been written by Shakespeare and others, who turned them out in the way of business. But, in such cases, though the business motive unlocks the fountain, the spring is already full. The mind, that is, is charged with imagery and reflection: with thoughts, as Browning put it, "self-gathered for an outbreak" and "chafing in the censer." Southey seems to have imagined that preliminary accumulation was scarcely needed. He did not need any apprenticeship before setting up as a fully equipped teacher of mankind. "It is the very nose on the face of my intellect," he says quaintly, "that my mind is useless without its tools." He can never think regularly "unless the pen be in his hand." Then his thoughts flow as fast as the water from "the rock of Horeb." But without the "wand"—the pen, that is, to strike the rock—the rock remains dry. If thinking and uttering are identical, meditation and reflection are superfluous. That partly explains Southey's amazing habits of business-like composition. He divides his time with the absolute punctuality of a city clerk between his various employments: writing "*Kehama*" before breakfast to earn "immortality," and dividing the rest of the day between reviews, histories, and the exposition of sound



moral and political philosophy. His friend, Landor, to whom, by his own account, poetical composition meant nights broken by tears and days of absorption, wondered at Southey's facility, and, we must suppose, contrived to avoid the reflection that the wonder would be diminished when the value of the results was taken into account. People like Dante and Milton supposed that a whole life must be devoted to a great poem; Wordsworth felt at least that it would require an abundant allowance of "wise passiveness." Southey had the pleasant illusion that the only relaxation needed was a change of labor, and that fertility of the mind could be preserved, not by lying fallow, but by a rotation of crops poetical, political, historical, to say nothing of the multitudinous varieties of hackwork which filled up the interstices. It is odd, though characteristic, that so devoted a student of literature should never have asked himself, or fully considered, the question, What really goes to the making of a masterpiece?

I find, indeed, that critics of authority speak of Southey's poems with respect, and weigh in their judicial balances the relative merits of "Joan of Arc," and "Thalaba," and "Madoc," and "Roderick," and the rest, though they do not seem to agree as to which is the best. I venture no opinion. I once had a friend—and a very intelligent friend—who had "Madoc" at his fingers' ends. Scott read it four times with "increasing admiration." Fox read it aloud at night, and with the surprising result of keeping his hearers awake for an hour beyond their usual time. Perhaps their sleep was afterwards the sounder. Dean Stanley was an ardent admirer—and who am I to say that I cannot bring my mind even to remember the family relationships of Madoc and Goervyl and Cadwallon, or to take the smallest

interest in the conversations of Tezozomoc and Yuhidhilton, or to understand why Erillyab cursed the hour in which she gave birth to Amalahta? The most remarkable eulogy upon Southey that I know is by Cardinal Newman. To show how literary language can be improved he contrasts one of Milton's craggy choruses in "Samson Agonistes" with Southey's opening verse in "Thalaba"—"How beautiful is night"—and decides that Southey shows to advantage. Southey's verses are, of course, smoother: whether they show a greater mastery of versification is a question in which I fear to contradict so exquisite a judge. Yet Newman would surely have agreed that if Southey's versification in general could be compared to Milton's as fair specimens of the two periods, the obvious moral would be, not the improvement but the possible degradation of poetic dialect. A secret would seem to have been lost, and mere facility of handling to have taken the place of the marvellous instinct which created Milton's majestic harmonies. Perhaps, indeed, Newman only intended to say what may be more easily accepted. Southey, no doubt, writes like a thoroughly practised craftsman; he has all the technical skill that implies a trained sensibility without high genius, and avoids the occasional blunders if he cannot approach the felicities of Milton's splendid audacity.

Apart from such technical matters, Southey's poetry has attracted many readers on the moral side. Carlyle says that he recognized the "piety, the gentle deep affection, the reverence for God and man which reigned in these pieces" ("Thalaba," "Joan of Arc," and so forth), "full of soft pity, like the wallings of a mother, and yet with a clang of chivalrous valor finely audible, too." So Professor Dowden tells us that Southey's heroes embody his native stoicism; he had been an enthu-

elastic reader of Epictetus in early youth, and his great characters are models of fortitude and self-devotion under overpowering difficulties. I do not doubt that this ought to be felt, only it must be confessed that it has to struggle with certain difficulties. Boys (I can answer for one case) used to read "Thalaba" and "The Curse of Kehama," as they read the "Arabian Nights," which does not embody stoical morality. The pleasure came from the curious stories of eccentric mythology which Southey had extracted from his multifarious reading. The first motive of these poems was not the setting forth of moral ideas, but the illustration of ancient mythologies. After the days of childish simplicity all this "machinery" is apt to reveal its comic side. Kehama, as it may now be necessary to mention, is a wonderful Hindoo prince, who has become an "almighty man" by performing certain rites of mysterious efficacy. He uses his power to curse his enemy, Ladurlad, and, with the singular shortsightedness common in fairy stories, tries to prolong his victim's sufferings by endowing him with immortality and invulnerability. The result is that Ladurlad is always turning up in the most impossible times and places, and being invulnerable can frustrate all Kehama's tyrannical schemes by such singular feats as choking a supernatural sea-monster after a week of wrestling. It becomes quite impossible, as his eulogist admits, to "drop a tear" over Ladurlad and his amiable daughter. They may be very virtuous, but their position is too grotesque; and when the terrible Kehama appears at the eight gates of Hell all at once, and tackles the excellent god of that district, one foresees too well the coming transformation scene. The lofty stoicism only adds a touch of the comic to this topsy-turvy world of the totally irrational. Fairyland is a very pleasant

region in its way, and so is the philosophical world of ethical ideas, but somehow they do not blend very easily. There are certain poems of Southey's which we can all read with pleasure. The "Old Woman of Berkeley," for example, and others in which he appears as poet-laureate to the Devil—the genuine "Old Nick," with horns and hoofs, who found his master in St. Antidius and sat for his portrait to the Spanish painter, and enlivened mediæval chronicles with the quaint legends which Southey delighted to unearth. The ballads are better, I think, than the "Ingoldsby Legends," because they are less vulgar and less elaborately funny. Southey tells us how he first read the legend of the "old woman of Berkeley" in a chronicle chained to the upper shelf of the neglected library in a Spanish convent, having to stand on a chair to reach his treasure, and how he set about his verses "that very evening." We have the genuine man of letters looking up in playful mood, delighted by the nugget of quaint absurdity which has enlivened his labors, and pouring out his ballad with spontaneous and infectious delight.

This, however, suggests to ordinary criticism that in the "epics" the literary gentleman does not get sufficiently out of sight. After the excellent Joan of Arc has astonished the priests of her day by versifying a bit of Rousseau, we have to listen to a series of extracts from chronicles, and to consult authorities as to the mediæval methods of warfare, which tend to damp one's ardor, and I humbly confess that my efforts to read later poems have generally been frustrated by the temptation of plunging into the notes in which the epic poet gives his authorities. Southey's reading had made him familiar with much that is now called "Folklore," and I turn from an affecting incident in the "Tale of Paraguay" to follow his remarks upon the curious

custom of the "couvade," or from a tremendous fight of Madoc with a sacred serpent, to read an account of "the wonderful docility of the snake." The reader of an epic poem is clearly not in the right mood when he is accessible to such temptations; and he infers, rightly perhaps, that the writer must have been equally below the imaginative tensions necessary for success. In fact, an "epic poem" was already an anachronism; though Southey tells us that all clever young men in his day hoped to produce epic poems. I do not know what they want to produce now—something, perhaps, which will seem as absurd a century hence. Anyhow, we are content to pass Southey's poems with the admission that they are not so unreadable as Glover's "Leonidas," of Wilkie's "Epigoniad." The characteristic point is Southey's complacent and indomitable faith in his own performances. There is something sublime in his self-confidence. He commends the judicious critic who had said that "Madoc" was the best English poem since "Paradise Lost." "This is not exaggerated praise, for unfortunately there is no competition." "Madoc" must, indeed, be compared with the "Odyssey," not with the "Iliad," but it is a good poem and must live. He objects to being called the "sublimest poet of the age," for on that point Wordsworth and Landor are "at least his equals." But this statement is not to be suspected of "mock-modesty," as he sufficiently proves by adding that he "will have done greater things than either," though not because he possesses "greater powers." In fact, there are different classes of excellence. His mind, he admits, is wholly unlike Milton's, whose proper analogue is Wordsworth. For himself, he may be fairly compared with Tasso, Virgil, or Homer. Every generation, he observes elsewhere, will afford some half-dozen admirers of "Kehama," "and

the everlasting column of Dante's fame does not stand upon a wider base." Meanwhile, he points out that contemporary popularity can only be won by compliance with the faults of the time—a consoling doctrine which he shared with Wordsworth and Landor. Unfortunately, there are other roads to unpopularity besides simple excellence. Southey, however, was able to preserve the pleasant belief that he was one of the few fixed stars of his time, though differing from other stars in glory, and that his light would be recognized through the ages to come.

This failing, if it be rightly called a failing, is clearly an essential characteristic. If a man is to be condemned because he has a calm conviction of his own undeniable merits, no case can be made out for Southey. His self-confidence is written in the very character of his face. He fancies that his friend Bedford may attribute one of his humors to the "cut of his nose." Certainly, it is impossible to look at Southey's portrait without admitting that a man with such a nose was predestined to a dogmatic self-complacency. He was strikingly handsome, and Byron, we know, said that he would almost have written Southey's "Sapphics" to have such a head upon his shoulders; and, though it is easy to guess what reply Byron was really courting, the remark certainly implies that his rival had strikingly good looks. Hazlitt speaks of his "falcon glance," and Carlyle of his sharp, eager, "militant" expression. Another describer speaks of his brilliant eyes, under black brows and snow-white hair, but adds the inevitable "beak." The elder Shandy would have taken him for an illustration of his famous study upon noses. A man with the beak of a falcon has to go through the world defiant, conscious that he is of a higher than the ordinary strain; ready to pounce upon the barn-door fowl, and sometimes, perhaps, mistak-

ing an eagle for a mere overgrown carrion crow. Marmion had a falcon for his crest, with the motto, "Who checks at me to death is dight!" Southey's might have borne the same motto. When he meets an opponent he foresees the result—the wretch is crushed, and will be remembered by posterity solely as a victim to Southey's righteous indignation. We call the quality vanity when we dislike it, and fail to observe how essential a service it renders to its possessor. Would any great thinker or great poet succeed without it? Does it not show portentous self-confidence when a Bacon or a Descartes proposes to reconstruct philosophy, or when a Dante or a Milton undertakes to give utterance to the profoundest religious thought of his age? We judge by the event; and if the man's opinion of himself turns out to be tolerably correct, we speak of his noble consciousness of genius and his fidelity to his powers. If the poor man has made a mistake, we make merry over his conceit. Wordsworth's estimate of his own merits was confirmed in the main by the next generation, and Southey's became the object of ridicule. Was not the same moral quality implied in both cases; and why should Southey be blamed for taking his ardent love of literature for a proof of supreme literary genius? Ten people must try if one is to succeed. Great, at any rate, must be the comfort of such a possession. Vanity, like sleep, "wraps a man round like a cloak;" it is the natural armor which fits the man of letters for the struggle of existence. Some authors may be simply "pachydermatous," though that is a quality which scarcely fits the true literary temperament. Southey, highly strung, sensitive, and ardent, was gifted with that falcon nose and that superlative self-esteem to comfort and support him through failure and obloquy, and the protracted struggle to

make both ends meet. Nothing less could have kept up his spirits through his hard-fought career. "My natural spirits," he says in 1819, "are buoyant beyond those of any person, man, woman, or child, whom I ever saw or heard of." The "vanity," self-esteem, or whatever we please to call it, is simply one aspect of this indomitable buoyancy which enabled him to do some really admirable work. If it led him into rash attempts to soar beyond his powers.

Undoubtedly such a conviction shows a weakness. A man could hardly take himself so seriously who had a very strong sense of humor. But a sense of humor is hard to reconcile with some cardinal virtues. The true humorist sees that the world is a *tragi-comedy*, a *Vanity Fair*, in which enthusiasm is out of place. Southey, with a sense of humor, would have been alive to his own smallness in the general system of things; he would have perceived that even a *Quarterly Reviewer* cannot make the great current flow backwards, and that a drudging journalist had no right to drape himself in the robes of a prophet. Hopes of "literary immortality," and a place among the dead with Virgil, Homer and Dante, are apt to strike the humorist as illusions—mere gaseous exhalations of vanity to be dispersed by an injection of chilling mockery. It was happy for Southey that he had hardly more humor than Milton or Wordsworth or Shelley or Miss Brontë. In spite of his defect, or his immunity, shall we say, from this morbid propensity, Southey was certainly no prig. He could enjoy nonsense and was proud of it, though his nonsense, it must be confessed, is poor enough in quality. It is amusing to read his correspondence with Grosvenor Bedford upon his "Doctor." Bedford feared that Southey's jokes might fall a little flat in print. The success of "*Tristram Shandy*" would not, he

said, justify a second assumption of the cap and bells. Southey replies by a rapturous account of his precious manuscript: the stores of reading which it is to display, the "satire and speculation," its mixture of truths which require the cap and bells with others which might besem the bench and the pulpit, and withal a narrative, continuous, and yet varying from grave to gay, "taking as wild and natural a course as one of our mountain streams." He is so delighted with his performance that he confides his hopes to his readers and tells them that the whole world is to be racked by curiosity as to the authorship. He makes cunning little plots to throw readers upon a false scent; he imagines the "stir and buzz and bustle" at tea-tables and booksellers' shops, and in Holland House. It cannot be Byron's or Moore's, it will be said, because it is too moral; or Wordsworth's, because an elephant does not cut capers on the slack wire; or Coleridge's, because it is intelligible throughout; or Hazlitt's, because it is free from egotism and abuse of Southey and Coleridge. Nobody is capable of such a unique combination unless Southey is suggested; and he is "buried under his own historical quartos." The worthy author that is, is chuckling to himself because he is able to interpose this marvellous production between his stupendous labors. The "Doctor" was not all that Southey fancied, and yet one is grateful for the illusions which cheered him. Certainly, he did not make a rival to "Tristram Shandy." He had not the humor; nor could even Sterne have accomplished "Tristram Shandy" if he had worked under Southey's conditions. It is easy enough to be odd, but to make mere oddity the vehicle for true humor requires an artistic elaboration which cannot be produced without the leisurely thought which can wait for the felicitous combinations.

Southey, in attempting the "Shandy" vein, achieves oddity and incoherence without genuine humor; he imitates, in Burke's phrase, the contortions without the inspiration of the Sibyl. But, in spite of that, the "Doctor" is a very delightful book; a book "for the bedside," which is always entertaining without endangering sleep. Like Burton's "Anatomy," it is, of course, a commonplace book in disguise. But, besides its collection of "curiosities of literature," it has really charming interludes when Southey is not tempted into too deliberate facetiousness. A great author would not like, I imagine, to rest his fame upon a perfect nursery story, and yet, if "literary immortality" be desirable, the immortal story of the "Three Bears" is more likely to secure that result than "Madoc" or "Roderick." To add a new legend fit to take place amidst the old legendary stories is surely a remarkable feat. This is the gem of the "Doctor;" but it is one outcome of a playful and tender sentiment which, amidst some obvious defects, often shows the real charm of Southey's domestic atmosphere. The frontispiece—a view of Southey's back as he sits in his library—is characteristic. You can see the man in spite of the concealment almost as clearly as if he showed his falcon beak; the neat alert figure, not lolling, but sitting bolt upright before the beautiful rows of well-bound books which he managed to collect in spite of his poverty, and which he still affectionately fondled when the power of reading them had gone. The correlation of organism and environment (Southey would have shuddered at such neologisms!) is perfect. He is as much in his place as a Dryad in an oak; and it is not for those who have haunted the same regions to complain if he is a trifle too "bookish." Southey, I must confess, went a bit too far when he took his walks with a book in his hands. I abhor such a



practice. It is as bad as smoking a pipe in church; it savors of profanity to the real lovers of walks, and suggests that Southey really liked even mountains better on paper than in reality. One must, however, forgive something to a thoroughbred monomaniac; and if Southey's talk, as De Quincey reports, ran too much upon literature and too little upon life, it meant no indifference or blindness to actual events, only an acquired necessity of looking at them through his accustomed spectacles. To read the "Doctor" is to spend an hour with Southey in his library; and, if here and there to be a little overdosed with an author's pedantry, yet to be made aware of his domestic charm. There was a nursery in his house as well as a library; and the "Three Bears" must have been told to the precocious boy whose early death almost broke his father's heart. Daniel Dove, his hero, is not an Uncle Toby, but he sufficiently reflects the generous and chivalrous characteristics of his creator.

The "Doctor" indeed, shows the limitations of Southey's intellect, which have led critics to condemn him as a mere fossil in politics and his enemies to denounce him as a renegade and a timeserver. Few men were more bitterly abused than the "ultra-servile, sack-guzzling laureate" (to quote one flower of speech). Southey, of course, took this as a compliment. "There is no man," he says in 1816, "whom the Whigs and Anarchists hate more inveterately, because there is none whom they fear so much." That is the secret. They tremble at his logic and his eloquence and writhe under his satire. When Mr. William Smith—a very excellent Unitarian and a conspicuous supporter of Wilberforce and Clarkson—called Southey a renegade, Southey retorted "by branding him on the forehead with the name of slanderer." "Salve the mark as you will, sir, it is

ineffaceable! You must bear it with you to your grave, and the remembrance will outlast your epitaph." The pamphlet in which this occurs was considered by Southey and his friends as a triumphant and dignified vindication of his fame; and ends by a "scathing" passage in which Southey sees by anticipation his own life in a biographical dictionary, and "a certain Mr. William Smith" just dragged in at the tail of the articles as the retailer of a preposterous calumny. Both of them have, in fact, obtained admission to such a work; but the allusion to their conflict does not quite confirm Southey's prophetic view. The characteristic thing is the way in which Southey unconsciously evades the point. The occasion of the controversy was the republication by an enemy of "Wat Tyler," a performance of the early days in which he had sympathized with the French Revolution. Southey maintains—what no one will now dispute—that a man of over forty may have honestly changed opinions held at twenty. What he fails to see is that a convert should be charitably disposed to the unconverted. A Protestant may become a Catholic without reproach, but he is hardly the proper person to propose that all Protestants should be sent to the stake. That gave the real edge to Smith's indignation. Radicals were reviving the doctrines of Wat Tyler; they were met by the suspension of the "Habeas Corpus," the "Six Acts," and all the old machinery of suppression. The loudest advocate for applying the scourge was precisely the author of "Wat Tyler." His letters are full of the wrath roused by Cobbett and "orator Hunt" and the Radical Press. "I would have the Anarchists under weigh for Botany Bay or in prison within a month after the meeting of Parliament," he says; and in the *Quarterly Review* he did his utmost to stimulate the fears of the Tory rulers.



He urged the amiable Wilberforce to take the side of severity. In his own opinion he is quite consistent, because the persons who now advocate his old principles are diabolical miscreants, seeking to ruin society and initiating the most dangerous conspiracies. When he was a revolutionist, revolutionists were all good men. Things have altered now. That, indeed, was not so obvious to Mr. William Smith. He and his friends failed to see that they were scoundrels who ought not to be allowed even to open their mouths. On such matters, however, Southey knew himself to be infallible. He was just as certain that he could blast the fame of Byron as that he could indelibly brand the forehead of Mr. William Smith. Byron and his crew were the "Satanic School"—as he took occasion to point out incidentally, by way of preface to his "Vision of Judgment." Few people, probably, read Southey's "Vision," unless in illustration of Byron's most cutting satire; but it is worth a glance in illustration of Southey's own character. Byron, in certain collateral attacks on Southey, no doubt showed his meaner side; but it is curious to note that in the "Vision" he has an amazing superiority not only in wit—which goes without saying—but in reverence. Southey gives one of the quaintest of all illustrations of the occasional transition of intense respectability into something very like blasphemy. A devout Christian might be expected to reflect that on the Day of Judgment the political squabbles of the day would lose some of their importance. Southey might even have taken a hint from Swift's famous vision. "Jove's" startling declaration, "I damn such fools!" is not, I suppose, exactly orthodox, and it is certainly misanthropical. But at least it implies that the Deity should not be made a Tory partisan, and that Byron's view that on that day George III. would ap-

pear as a stupid, obstinate, well-meaning human being is less shocking than Southey's calm assumption that the old king is still to wear his crown in heaven, and Wilkes and "Junius" be sent straight to hell. A loyal dedication to George IV., as the providentially appointed inheritor of the merits of his race, adds a specially grotesque touch when we remember that just at this moment that monarch's domestic life was becoming public property. Such blunders are common enough. It is a very good thing to be always on the side of virtue; but it may sometimes lead to the error that you have a kind of patent for uttering moral sentiment.

Southey had not the philosopher's elevation nor the poet's insight to see things in their true proportions. To judge him by such standards is simply inappropriate. When Hazlitt reproached him as a turncoat, he had a very fair retort. Hazlitt and he had both taken the French Revolution to be the dawn of liberty. Hazlitt was now worshipping Napoleon, the military despot and the oppressor of Spain and Germany, and still bragging of his "consistency." As Southey put it, "You are still looking for the sun in the east when he has got round to the west. It is I who am still faithful to my aspirations, but have been wise enough to learn by experience that I was mistaken in my facts." To ask which was right would be not only superfluous but irrelevant. Southey's revolutionary sentiment belonged to his schoolboy days. He was still at Westminster when the Bastille was taken, and at Oxford during the early part of the war. He had found out that "pantisocracy" was an illusion by the time he was of age, and was already reconciled enough to be looking forward to an ordinary professional career. Nobody could blame a man seriously for altering the doctrines which had attracted him at college.

But Southey did not really change his opinions; he only changed what he had erroneously supposed to be his opinions. The change of his early teacher, Coleridge, involved an intellectual elaboration: the abandonment of the philosophy which had satisfied his early youth, and the steeping of his mind in the mystical doctrines discovered in Germany. Wordsworth, when he rejected the revolutionary teachers, went through a prolonged spiritual crisis, and had to struggle long and grievously before he could get his feet upon a satisfactory rock. When Southey changed, it did not even occur to him that he was changing at all. He did not alter his philosophical creed, because he had no philosophical creed to alter. He got on very well, as most of us do, without one. He does not know much about metaphysics, as he admits at twenty-one, but he has quite enough to confute Godwin. He takes up the first handy argument that is lying about. It will do to rap his antagonist's knuckles, and he does not enquire to what else it may commit him. His son tells us how he started as a Stoic, and then became a Unitarian, and finally a devoted Anglican, by imperceptible degrees. At each stage, moreover, he was equally confident that he had possession of the whole truth, and that his complete satisfaction with the creed of the moment should be a conclusive proof of its validity to everybody else. He was content with any general principle which would serve for a war-cry. He was not a man, as he says, for half-measures. He was too vehement by nature not to like good round sweeping assertions, but he looked at the concrete embodiment of principles, not at the abstract justification. In his generous and impetuous youth he worshipped Rousseau, and was carried off his feet by the brilliant Coleridge. He did not ask how the cosmopolitan philanthropy

was to be combined with the patriotic zeal which was equally ingrained in the youthful Briton. They simply lie side by side in his mind. When the Revolution led to the terror in France, and to suppression of free speech in England, he simply inferred that Robespierre on one side and Pitt on the other were very bad men, and did not bother about more general causes. He indulged for the time in a little misanthropy in the humor of Swift; professed to hate mankind in a mass, though he loved individuals; and, in short, held that everybody, except Southey, had gone mad. The "misanthropy" was shallow enough, it did not for a moment diminish his buoyancy, his interest in life and in books, or his delight in his friends and family. It only meant that, for the time, there was no party to which he could swear unreserved allegiance, and for one who is by nature a partisan that is an intolerable position. His dislike of "that wretched Pitt," that "coxcomby, insolent, empty-headed, long-winded braggadocio" (phrases used on occasion of Pitt's death, but representing his permanent view), gradually developed into hatred, not of the tyrant but of the incompetent War Minister. The patriotism becomes more permanent than the republicanism. When the Peninsular War began he had at last a cause to swear by. Jeffrey had criticised "Thalaba," and tried to crush Wordsworth ("as well try to crush Skiddaw," said Southey), and now Jeffrey and his clique were preaching that England must be beaten by Napoleon. This cowardice (so they thought it) roused Southey as it roused Scott. The Quarterly Review, afterwards Southey's mainstay, was started to give expression to the new sentiment. Even Wordsworth was roused to write a political pamphlet. The war was no longer a crusade against Jacobinism, but a war in defence of oppressed na-

tions. To Southey the appeal came with especial force, because he had lived in Portugal and was thoroughly versed in Spanish and Portuguese literature. He looked forward, as he declared, not merely to a resurrection of the Spanish people, but to the creation of a federal republic. His old and his new principles pointed in the same direction. He dropped his "misanthropy" now that he had at last a plain cause to be supported by tooth and nail. His indomitable buoyancy made him superlatively confident, and having backed the winning side, he was ever afterwards convinced that he was an infallible prophet. He could criticise Moore or Wellington by the light of nature; and, if things went wrong for a time, it was always from neglect of the advice which he would have given. The most valuable result for us of Southey's enthusiasm was the famous "Life of Nelson." Nothing could be more characteristic. Southey's ignorance of nautical matters was absolute. He was, as he says, a "thorough landlubber," who just knew the binnacle from the mainmast, and had to work among sea-terms as "a cat does in a china-pantry." He, of course, had not read Captain Mahan. The motives of Nelson's strategy are left in judicious obscurity, and we have to take it on faith that he was right on any given occasion in hauling his wind or brailing up his mainsail. Apocryphal stories are accepted without an attempt at criticism. But the book, in spite of an excessive "jingoism" and very unworthy abuse of the French, is a classic, because no biographer was ever more in sympathy with his hero, or wrote more simply and directly. Nelson's three great commandments—obey orders, honor the King, and hate the French as you hate the devil—apply to warfare the principles which Southey applied to literature. Absolute simple-minded devotion to the

immediate purpose in hand is characteristic of both. Nelson in sight of a French fleet and Southey opposed to a Radical orator strike home with the same inexorable and uncompromising zeal. Even Nelson's vanity and thirst for "glory" recall Southey's literary aspirations, and, if Southey could be a real naval critic, he could give to perfection the essential charm of the historic character.

Southey's patriotic enthusiasm imperceptibly carried him into the Tory camp. The author of "Wat Tyler" would have been shocked by the Quarterly Reviewer. Yet the change should surely be intelligible, now that we can adopt the historical point of view. To abuse Southey as a renegade was quite natural so long as the old party lines were taken to mark the distinction between right and wrong. But that theory seems to be a little obsolete. I have lived long enough to see a change on a larger scale which may help to account for Southey's supposed tergiversation. We are told by Liberals that they adhere unflinchingly to the immortal principles of their creed. Still, one who was a Liberal fifty years ago must admit that those principles have come to support theories, especially about Government interference, which they were once used to demolish. Southey's conversion was simply a crude anticipation of the same change. It is curious to read Macaulay's review of Southey's "Colloquies." Macaulay, as usual, talks a great deal of very sound common-sense, and makes mincemeat of some of Southey's amazing expositions of political economy. Macaulay is a prophet in the school of Adam Smith. He rejoices in a Pisgah-sight of the blessed period when cultivation will be carried to the top of Helvellyn, and there will be no travelling but by steam. The one secret for reaching the land of promise is that rulers should leave men to man-

age their own affairs, and abandon the folly of "paternal government." Southey indeed talked a great deal of downright nonsense. He admits his ignorance of political economy, which he regards as a conclusive proof that political economy was not worth knowing. He falls into fallacies too absurd for argument. The distress which followed the peace was simply due to the loss of a customer (that is, the Government) to the amount of fifty millions a year; and the remedy was not retrenchment, but maintenance of the war expenditure, even (as he suggests) by building enormous "pyramids" to Nelson and Wellington. He talked, says Macaulay, as if the taxes dropped out of heaven like the "quails and manna sent to the Israelites." That such fallacies could be seriously propounded is some excuse for the arrogance of the contemporary economists. They represent simply the illogical way in which Southey clutched at extravagant theories as the readiest mode of contradicting their opposites. If, however, the "Colloquies" abound in such absurdities, a reader of to-day will be still more struck by the anticipation of modern tendencies. Southey can hardly mention Malthus without foaming at the mouth. That was because "Malthus" meant for him the doctrine that vice and disease were necessary checks to population; and that the only way to suppress poverty was to leave the poor man to starve. He denounced the "manufacturing system," even in his early writings, as the great source of evil, because it meant the breaking up of the old social bonds, the growth of a vast "proletariat," and the conditions under which the rich become richer and the poor poorer, or, as he puts it, the capitalists, like pike in a fish-pond, eat up the smaller fish. He attacks Pitt (absurdly though) as the originator of the system of employing children in factories, and Lord Shaftes-

bury, when he took up the factory legislation, wrote to Southey, as a disciple to one of his chief teachers. Macaulay supposes that Southey thinks well of Owen, simply because Owen was "more unreasonably and hopelessly in the wrong than any speculator of our time." Southey's sympathy meant really (as many of his letters show) that he held that Owen, in spite of some shocking opinions and chimerical hopes, was at least attacking the great social evil—the spreading cancer of pauperism. Now that we have "all become Socialists," we can at least admit that Southey saw something which was hidden from Macaulay. Southey, of course, rushed to extremes. He is as vehement and one-sided as Carlyle, whose "French Revolution" he admired and whose "Chartism" would have been quite to his taste. He held (as many observers held then) that the country was between a servile war and a military despotism. His remedy was that Government should do its duty and suppress discontent by improving the condition of the poor. He rivalled the most bigoted Tories of the day in supporting despotic measures; but he also protested most vehemently against the neglect of corresponding duties. He demanded a national system of education as rigorously as he supported the attacks upon the Press. His theories had another side which struck Macaulay as especially absurd. He held with Burke that "religion is the basis of civil society." Southey, in his vehement way, takes for granted as a self-evident "postulate" that religion means the Anglican religion, and comes painfully near to approving that no others should be tolerated. He admits, indeed, that the Church requires reforms. The "Life of Wesley," in other ways a very charming and characteristic book, is really designed in support of one of his favorite schemes—the enlistment of the Methodists as

"Cossacks" or irregular troops auxiliary to the Church. His desire to found Protestant sisterhoods to take up some of the old functions of monastic institutions represents an earlier phase of the movement which has since transformed the Church of England. Southey's belief that the Golden Age was somehow due to the Reformation, and that the Reformation was also the cause of pauperism and half the social evils of the day, is an odd instance of the way in which he was governed by the prejudices of his position. He hated Popery as heartily as he hated Malthus, and yet a generation later he would probably have followed Cardinal Manning, who had some similar qualities of character. The odd collection of vehement and uncompromising prejudices which Southey took for principles meant a hasty assimilation of doctrines which, for good or evil, were to gain strength in the next generation. When we can look at him simply as a historical phenomenon, we can see how he represents a rising force even more than a mere obstruction. To Whigs of the Macaulay stamp he seemed to be simply a "reactionary" partisan and a servile follower of Sidmouth or Eldon. It is easy now to see that they would have done better to take a hint from the enemy. He recognized social evils, and proposed quack remedies. They met him by denying that any remedy was wanted. That may sufficiently explain why even in Southey's rash dogmatism there is something less antiquated than in Macaulay's optimistic confidence in the policy of doing nothing.

Some of his old prejudice hangs about Southey still, and obscures some merits of the letters. We are repelled by some of his outrageous utterances instead of simply taking them as indications of character. Instead of being amused, we are tempted to the absurdity of contradicting or even arguing.

Then his directness and simplicity produce one bad result. Southey constantly insisted upon the doctrine, consoling for some authors, that the secret of good writing is to be concise, clear, and pointed, and not to think about your style at all. "Style" must come unconsciously. You must aim at the mark without thinking about your attitude. The method is excellent when you are writing a plain statement of fact or argument, and is so far applicable in letter-writing that self-consciousness or deliberate attempt at literary elegance is the worst of all faults. Yet really first-rate letters should imply a certain detachment: to tell a bit of news so as to give the picturesque aspects; to insinuate a humorous or melancholy reflection without falling into sermonizing; and, in short, to put into a few lines the effect of a whole evening of spontaneous and discursive chat. Southey, having to squeeze in a letter between an epic and a quarterly review, is too eager and impetuous. He goes to the point at once like a good man of business, and cannot give the effect of leisurely and amused reflection. The reader has to supply a good deal from independent knowledge, or to gather it from the general result of the correspondence. Then we gradually become aware of those admirable moral qualities of which Thackeray speaks. He takes up one burthen after another as all in the day's work so simply that we may fail to notice the energy implied in his forty years of unremitting labor. It is quite natural, when one comes to think of it, that his brain should have given way at last; but at any given moment he seems to be working as smoothly and unconsciously as a well-oiled steam-engine. There are no creaks and groans and whinnings, and one can forget that there was any strain. So he makes few protestations; but the old friendships go on from schoolboy



days to the end without a cloud. Though irritable and sensitive, he seems never to have had one of those personal quarrels which, it is to be feared, give a zest to many literary biographies, and his self-restraint leads us to ignore the temptations overcome. The friendship with Coleridge alone seems to have cooled very decidedly; but it must be admitted that it was hard for the most methodical of authors to preserve his affection for the amiable poet and philosopher, who could be systematic in nothing but in neglecting his duties and leaving them to be discharged by his brother-in-law. We smile at Southey's vanity, and forget to notice his freedom from self-conscious egotism which provokes jealousy of rivals. Nobody could be more generous than Southey in appreciating eminent contemporaries, or giving a helping hand to young men of promise. He is, it is true, rather apt to discover "satanic" propensities in his antagonists; but he was at least a perfectly straightforward and sincere enemy. Of all the charges made by his enemies, the most absurd was that of servility. He always says what he thinks, and though he had never a year's income in advance, never condescended to unworthy flattery of patrons or the public. If he estimates his work too highly, he takes it as a mere matter of course that he should be independent and plain-spoken. The letters after the death of his son, who was to inherit his genius, are almost the only ones in which Southey allows himself

to utter the strong domestic affections in which we see, on reflection, that he found his real happiness. Even in the midst of this grief he is, perhaps, a little over-anxious to insist upon his power of preserving a stoical calm; but for once he cannot conceal the emotions which he generally keeps in the background. Poor Mrs. Southey, one suspects, had a rather bad time of it with the anxieties which he met so gallantly. She must have grudged the purchase of that "*Acta Sanctorum*" over which he rejoices without a thought of weekly bills. When, however, one tries to form a picture of Southey's life and to supply the side which he leaves in obscurity, one begins to hope that even a journalist may save his soul. That the letters do not give up that secret at the first glance is, perhaps, the reason why they are not more generally valued; but to those who have been immersed in the same element it should not be difficult to supply the gaps. He gets rather hard measure. Some modern readers seem to like in an author precisely the qualities which they would despise in the man. Southey, as a gentleman to the core, was incapable of the wayward egotism and bitter personality which Hazlitt cherished, and even turned to account in his works. Posterity is too apt to prefer the man who will unveil his feelings, even when they are in themselves ignoble; and Southey's "stoicism," honorable as it was, has perhaps alienated rather than attracted sympathy.

The National Review.

Leslie Stephen.



## IN THE TWILIGHT.

Just before night falls—during the winter months and in the early spring—there is, after the sun has set, a brief space when a soft light brings out into bold relief all objects that come within its range. It fades away very quickly, leaving gray, dim and undefined what a few moments before had appeared with such distinctness. This soft twilight, after which come what our rustics term the “dims,” followed by night, is not noticed so much in woodland districts as it is on the coast-lines; for the lights and shadows creep over the bare fields, leafless woods, and the turf-covered hills, slowly, as if they were reluctant to follow whither the sun has gone. In the woodlands, the transition from light to darkness is to a certain extent gradual; on the coast, except under certain atmospheric influences, it is rapid. In the heat of summer weather, and in sweltering harvest-time, sunsets over the flats and sea are to be seen such as even Turner could not paint. For rugged grandeur, however, some of the wintry sunsets far surpass those of the bright summer time.

Looking northwards, we see mile after mile of leaden distance, which changes here and there to dull purple, gradually lighting up in the foreground to dull olive and cold green-gray. All is cold and bare, not one sign of life is to be seen in the shape of man, fowl or cattle; not even a sheep is visible. On the horizon, a long belt of thick gray mist shows, the remnant of a sea-fog that has drifted from open water over the opposite shore, and settled down again for want of a breeze to carry it further. High up over the fog-belt, great masses of cloud are slowly moving, dark and lurid, almost inky in tone where their bases rise above it.

Now and again that line of gray vapor is lit up for a few moments, looking like a fire seen through clouds of steam.

Changes come with startling rapidity on the flats. Sometimes, when on the hunt for specimens in the lightest of costumes—only shirt and pantaloons, these well up over the knees—the other portions of dress being tied up in a bundle, covered with sea-weed, and with a stick stuck in the beach to mark the spot where they have been left—a cold blast, direct from the North Sea, has reached me, a blast as cold as if it had swept over a pack of icebergs, and before I can reach the rest of my clothes and put them on, my teeth are chattering with cold. Southern sea-lines of coast are not visited in this way, but the northeast and eastern parts are very subject to the cold blast, which, after a few encounters, will leave the naturalist one of two very troublesome legacies, ague and marsh fever. Climatic changes have taken place during the last sixty years. The winters are longer than they used to be and the summers shorter; we do not appear to get really settled weather before the days have turned.

“Massy oh alive,” says one of my friends, “when I was a shaver we used to hev winter, sowin’ time, and harvest. The seasons cums, o’ coorse, as they allus hev done, but we seems to get mixed up samples o’ weather. But I ain’t gruntin’, the weather ain’t in our hands to deal with.”

A sharp, hissing sound comes over the flats, sounding as though a thousand school-boys were blowing the dust out of their desk-keys. Long lines of the brightest vermillion show through the fog-bank that is now lifting, and the dark cloud-masses glow

with carmine and purple where the light catches them. That key-blowing noise is half-a-gale, blowing from seawards; the force of it, as it reaches us, causes one to crouch a bit. At the same time we witness a most beautiful transformation—long lines of orange, vermillion, and purple show low down, the sun having nearly set. The great clouds, torn by the wind, drift over in patches, their edges tipped with gold, and the fog-bank, torn into the most weird shapes, drifts and whirls away like huge lengths of rosy-tinted gauze. This gorgeous play of colors does not last long, as the clouds are borne from the light, they turn a cold gray, as they were before: only one long blade of light is seen above the horizon, and that soon vanishes. Gray clouds from above seem to lower to meet those that are once more rising from the flats. Before they meet, the whole of the marshes and the near foreshores shows out clear in the wild light that proceeds from the changing after-glow of a wintry sunset. It is twilight, brief but beautiful, on the wild coast-lines. Fowl shift their quarters chiefly in the twilight, both coming in and going out.

About the middle of February, according to the weather and the localities they frequent, geese shift about very much, the gray species particularly. The brents—or, as they are locally called, black geese—being seabirds, never come in to graze in the fields like the others; they go right out to sea and rest there, ten and twenty miles away from land; but before the tide is on the turn they are up and making for their feeding slubs, where the sea-grass covers the ooze like a carpet when the tide is out. Some of my people in the winter months went "long-lining;" that is, they fished in deep water, off the fishing banks, for large fish, such as cod, skate, thorn-backs, and the larger dog-fish. Some of these are small sharks pure and

simple. They were very particular about reaching their fishing-grounds, and getting their lines out, before dark. In the early morning, about three o'clock, they would haul in their catches and make for port again. They sold their fish cheaply enough, prime quality all of it. A codfish, weighing fourteen pounds or fifteen pounds, would be a shilling; skate or thorn-back, from eighteen pounds to thirty pounds, they would charge eighteen-pence for, never more. As to the "shurks," as they called them, you could have one four or five feet long for ninepence or a shilling. I have painted fresh-water fish over and over again, from salmon to minnows, but never salt-water ones: I saw too much of them in my youth. Even at the present time, if forced to pass a fish-monger's shop, I get by it as quickly as I can and look the other way.

It was in the course of sailing out, and home, that the fishermen at various times saw the vast gaggles of brent-geese gathered together, preparing for flight to their northern breeding-stations. Old "Piper Owlet" would remark that he "reckined he hed luffed up tu a crew on 'em, as kivered half a acre o' water; an' when they riz off it, they made as much row as a fust-class frigate tearin' through the water with all sails get; an' a pack o' hounds on board." This news so excited one of his hearers—an arrant fowler, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet—that he shouted out, "What the devil wus you a doin' on, Piper, hedn't ye got yer gun?"

"Would ye ha' chucked yerself overboard, and put sum salt on their tails, or would ye ha' got on the bowsprit an' looked at 'em?" was Piper's reply. "You may depend on it all critters hev got their ways o' cummin' an' goin'; fish hev, I knows. Them 'ere geese when I fust sighted 'em, looked as thick as a herrin'-shoal; but when I

luffed to 'em fur the chance o' a shot they spread-eagled out, an' wus up an' off."

"Right ye are, Piper, give us yer fin, old boy."

It was this green old salt who had a taste for singing patriotic songs with a moral to them, and who forcibly demonstrated to young "Corky," a nickname derived from the boy's father, old Corky, our baker, the evils attending what he considered a mixed education. "Corky" senior was the politician of the hamlet, and when he had the opportunity he aired his very limited studies rather freely, to the disgust of Piper, who swore roundly and heartily that "All them as fished in the dirty waters o' politics, was in a fair way o' goin' to the Devil head furst." In fact, the baker in company was by common consent voted a nuisance. He was often told "to dry up, fur they'd had enuf o' his stinkin' rot." It was only natural, under existing circumstances, that young Corky should follow in his father's footsteps. A loosely-made being, between nineteen and twenty, he was all legs and wings, like a Jack-hern, they said. Very unfortunately for him, he chanced to be in some mixed company when "Piper Owlet," for the second time, was giving his experience of luffing up to that big gaggle of geese. Corky thought his time had come for saying something smart, so that he could go home and tell his father he had taken the wind out of Piper's sails; so he chipped in with—"They'd ha' stayed fur ye, Piper, if so be as ye'd have sung the Isle o' St. Helena to 'em." So far as outward appearance went, saving for the lowering of his bushy eyebrows and his lips tightly closing, the old fellow might not have heard the remark; but presently he left the room, Corky remarking that "Piper" had got a crab in his shoe at last. But when the youth had barely got clear of the door to go home,

he felt a grip on his coat-collar holding him like a vice. It was the horny fist of Piper.

"Corky," he said, "I hev' noticed as a mixed education consarnin' the battle o' Waterloo an' the winder tax, prevents young fellows frum believin' the truth when they hears it. It's a fault as you'll grow out on, if ye lives long enough, an' I'll help ye tu grow out o' a little on it now." A dog-fish about two feet in length was then applied to Corky in all directions, only stopped when the creature's body gave out, leaving the head in Piper's hand. "Tell your father when you gits home as I considers politics an' mixed eddications most ruinous, an' if he wants dog-fish I've got one, as long agin as what you've now had."

Tidal-rivers, which flow through rich grazing flats for twenty or thirty miles, discharge from their mouths into the tide day and night; and there, all the year round, is a vast amount of food for fish and fowl, in the waters more particularly. Then there is the refuse from the shipping—trading and stationary—especially where numbers of old England's wooden walls are laid up as dismantled hulks. Slush of some kind is going overboard all day long, where any number of vessels are moored. Each tide brings its own supply from open water in profusion, and the fresh-water supply—equally important in its own way—mingles with it. After this strange river jumble of animal and vegetable matter gets washed up and down a few times, going out to sea and coming back again, it is washed clean, purified in fact, having undergone a complete change, so that it is fitting food for the creatures that feed on it.

The amount of life we have seen, in the water and out of it, where one large drain from the flats discharged its waters into the tide, would be quite enough to form a bulky volume, if each creature could have even a portion of

its history written. Take the fish, for instance. You can see what they are doing in clear water, but not what they are about when foraging out of sight, in and under the weed-fronds. In the twilight, where those rivers meet the tide, ordinary herds, gaggles, teams, wisps and springs of fowl, web- or hen-footed, were not noticed any more than a flock of rooks going out and coming home again to roost. Those that worked the dangerous and intricate channels, catching fish and shrimps, loaded their boats with them and sailed away to a poor market. They saw birds on those "quakes" that never fell to gun or got tangled in net-mesh, and when I sailed with them I saw the same. One of the best men I ever knew, as a practical observer of fowl, was a fisherman. He was good to me, so far as lay in his power, in trying to satisfy my craving about birds. In all the years we were acquainted, some fifteen, it may have been, I never heard him laugh. He would smile sometimes when I could hardly get my questions out quick enough, and say, "My son: one at a time."

Riding at the nets one dark night, a large barque struck his fishing smack midships, nearly cutting her asunder. He and his youngest son scrambled up by the barque's chains, and reached her deck; when they rushed to hail the eldest boy, their smack had gone down, taking him with her. The whole was over in one minute: a dark mass loomed out above, there was a grinding crash, a rush of feet and some bitter imprecations, a suck and swirl in the waters below, and all was over.

A fisher friend who used to tell and show me much from the deck of his smack, was a very plain speaker, never mincing matters. He was once asked, by a certain individual very far above him in social position, so far as money went, to look at a pair of red-breasted mergansers and a fine red-

throated diver which he had sent to London to be set up and cased, the local taxidermists being considered of no account, simply because they set their birds up naturally, and, worst of all, they lived in our own homely hamlet. "What do you think of them, Macklin?" asked the gentleman.

"They've stuffed three damned lies fur ye."

"Dear me, Macklin, you surprise me; but I will show you that you are wrong. Now look at that book, it cost a lot of money, and you see they are stuffed in the same position in which they are represented here."

"I see they be, but the book's a liar too. You've got four damned lies in yer house instead o' three."

After seing the merganser and the diver shoot from the water like a seal, when landing on a sand-bar, London stuffing did not suit old Macklin.

So far as my own shooting went, it was confined chiefly to the waders: "little muck" they were disdainfully called by the longshore men. Large fowl, for purposes of observation, could be seen or procured from the shooters, if required, at any time in the season. A considerable amount of powder and shot was thrown away, the men considered, in procuring exquisite specimens of the so-called "hen-footed muck." They came to that mud-and-water sanctuary in hosts, the old birds in full breeding plumage from their northern homes. As to the young broods that had fledged with them, hundreds were running about, with the down tufts sticking out from their first feathers. One afternoon, just before flight-time, in the twilight, a vast host of red-headed pochards—or, as they are locally called, dunbirds—rose from the open water on the opposite shore. At first they looked like a dark rain-cloud moving about, but when they got well up—being divers they are heavy on the wing when they start—

that mighty host of birds went overhead in thousands. Picture a railway train rushing through the air at a rate of sixty miles an hour, then some slight idea can be formed of what that lot of pochards looked like; and that was not fifteen miles from London town. Fifty miles, in one district, of marsh slub-ooze and beach might be considered very limited in area for exploration, but in that distance, taking the seasons through, we have found all the swimmers and waders that visit us, from the great whooper, or whistling-swan, down to the little stint. Time and tide wait for no man; although a railway and villages are now to be seen where, only a few years ago, the weird cry of the bittern could be heard, yet the run of land and water is the same as it was half-a-century ago.

I wonder if eighty people out of one hundred, when walking on the top of the great sea-walls, give a single thought as to the purpose that they answer; or what the consequences would be if a gap were made in one, through some dire mishap. Once, in my own time, a bank broke: that is, a wide crack went through it from base to summit. Then the marshmen slipped about like eels in order to repair the damage. They only succeeded in doing this just as the tide was rising and twilight deepened into night. Fowl shift in the twilight in the most vexatious manner, from a fowler's point of view, and the reasons they may have for acting in these common marine evolutions, when fidgety, is only known to the fowl. Hundreds of waders, and at times thousands, may be busily feeding almost within range of a long duck-gun. From the call-notes proceeding from some you are able to tell what they are; with regard to others, it can only be a guess as to their species. Some of the smaller waders, ranging from knots to sanderlings, are so much

alike in coloring, when in winter plumage, that when massed, as they frequently are under certain conditions, you are not able to identify them: for they run and dart, now here, now there, and flirt their wings with such rapidity that at times they appear to be a moving feathered host of gray and white. Glasses are useless under such circumstances; put them in your pocket and have your gun ready to swing to your shoulder, if the chance should come, which will be doubtful. There they are, a long line of them, fringing the ripple of the tide. Now and again, when longer laps of water flow over the sand, you will see bunches of fowl follow the flow. Patience gets exhausted, waiting so long. You think that if you snake down with bent back and long strides, with your gun at very low trail, you may possibly get a chance. But sentinels have been watching you all the time; and now the sentinel of each species sounds his alarm note; you can stand up and ease your aching back, and also look for a few moments on a strange sight. That host of birds flicks and flutters up in small detachments over the water, just out of reach of gun-shot, and follows the line of ripple breaking gently on the sands, to form again in the same deceptive companies elsewhere. Others have had the same humiliating experiences; it is nothing new to shore-fowlers. A shore-fowler is at times on the water quite as much as he is on the shore; only he keeps within limits of goose-grass feed, where a punt or light skiff can be worked with comparative safety. Fowling on the tide is not only different, but it is at times a costly proceeding. Chance shots are best, for if you did not expect much you will not be disappointed if you return home empty-handed. So far as my own experience of the matter goes, the best birds—that is, the rarest ones—and the greatest number of fowl, have



been picked up by chance shots, where they were least expected. Professional fowling, by those that follow it in the season for a living, is a distinct branch, so to speak, from that followed by those who would let chance after chance go by for others to take, in the hope of procuring some rare web- or hen-looted fowl that they knew was, or had been, feeding with those they had not fired at. After reaching the age which is as the twilight of a man's life, even after studying the nature and habits of the fowl since boyhood, one knows but little. They are mysterious creatures, coming and going in weird fashion, uttering strange cries as they pass along.

It is summer twilight in the heart of Greenwood, Sussex, a soft light that will not shift or waver before the dawn comes. For when the weather is bright, hot, calm, and settled, there is no night—no darkness, at least—not even just before the dawn. Evening after evening the sun has gone down, leaving for hours afterwards a rosy glow out in the west: a glow that tones all the landscape far and near. Chre-sree-sree-sre-cha-cha-cha! comes from a willow-holt which is divided from the broad grazing-stripe that borders the road on either side by a low turf bank. Then other feathered creatures join in causing a perfect babble. Prolonged croaks reach the ear. There is something the matter when the nightingales are croaking as they are now. Walking on the turf quietly at night, and in the shadow, if possible, one does not miss much that is moving about. Watching the life of a creature, and knocking the life out of it with a charge of shot, are very different matters; and some folks will see more in a fortnight's communing with Nature, even sitting in very quiet road-side public, than others observe in fifty years.

The chattering continues, and the

top twigs and leaves of the willows rustle; birds are moving about in all directions, not quite frightened enough to fly, but too much alarmed to keep their perches or to sit in their nests in the tangle below. It seems worth waiting for: something will surely show presently if it only comes our way. Ah! two sharp squeals ring out and a faint squeak follows, which we know is the death-song of a rabbit. But he is not in a trap, or in trouble through a member of the weasel family. Our eyes are on the road, in a line, as near as we can judge, with that part of the holt from which those squeals come. Some creature is moving past, on one side of us, and it has not yet detected our immediate vicinity. Then we see something like a small collie dog pass over the road, with a rabbit in its mouth, held fair and square by the middle of the back. It is a fox that has visited the willows to get a clean rabbit from the cool tussock humps where they lie up. Wild creatures are at times in the season horribly tormented by vermin, which, if they have the chance, will attack human beings in the same way that they do wild animals. The poor rabbit, on some soils, suffers torture for a time: instinct or his reasoning powers lead him to lie out in the cool, moist holt, on the tussocks, where his tiny tormenters are never found, for they could not exist there. Hedgehogs, stoats, weasels, moles, and field-mice all suffer; as to the poor snake, our common grass-snake, his life at times is a burden to him from the same cause. The fox himself does not go scot free by any means. Some of the expedients resorted to by him to get rid of his lively lodgers—as they have been related to us by those that firmly believed in what they told, and not without most valid reasons—would not, I fear, be believed. A gentleman who had travelled much, when out for a



stroll with me one day, sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree. When I bade him "come off that quick," he obeyed, but with surprise. "What is the matter? you have not got cobras, centipedes, or scorpions about here?" Before I could reply he ejaculated, "Oh, con-found it, what's that?" at the same time pulling up one leg of his trousers and turning down his sock to find a great black wood-ant fixed just above his ankle, holding on like a bulldog. We stirred the nest up with an ash-stick, in fact we gave it a good root-up; and when he saw the ferocious, strong-biting warriors come out and over that part of the tree-trunk where he had been sitting, he was glad to have been roused in time. Such things have to be guarded against, in the twilight especially, and when night falls. The legend that certain creatures only move in the day-time, and that other creatures, called crepuscular, only move when the night comes on, is simply a myth. At different times I have thrown myself down in the heather at night for purposes of observation, but with some precautions. Reptiles and insects are not only local, but, so far as my own observations go, extremely fastidious as to their habitat. Some places that can be explored at night I should not for one moment dream of resting in, not even at noon, without the most careful scrutiny. Creatures may not be as venomous as the viper, and yet they will cause you serious inconvenience at times if you are not careful.

Night-flying birds and the bats vary to a degree in their flight; sometimes giving only a few seconds of time for observation. This is, of course, due to the movements of the prey they are pursuing. Beetles and the larger moths are, of course, not picked up from the ground by owls or bats, they are captured on the wing. In the early part of June, 1895, for several evenings I

had been watching a very extensive rabbit-warren in a fir-wood. Being rigidly looked after there, they are as careless of observation as sheep. A public path runs through the warren, and the fields near it. Brown owls and a pair, at least, of short-eared owls in their season visit it. But only under very favorable circumstances, when the last ray of the sun has lit up the honeycombed warren for a few minutes, have I seen a bird of that species pounce on a rabbit, although hundreds of all sizes, from those full-grown to others not the size of rats, were dotting about and feeding in all directions. The place is only ten minutes' walk from home, so I often go there to watch, in the evening, for a fortnight or more together. Other creatures also have sanctuary in the same plantation. Some of the brown owls make their habitat there. The circumstance has not, I fancy, been noticed by any one but myself, so that the mouse-catchers are in comparative security. If one owl that I noticed had a fancy for drummers he could easily have satisfied it; instead of which he dashed and tumbled about in the most erratic manner, very like a tumbler-pigeon over a field of high grass just ready for mowing. Fortunately, a couple of fern-owls—*evejars*—were hawking over the field at the same time, so that we were able to observe the different tactics of the birds in procuring food. Several great bats, too, were at work high up overhead, darting, dashing, and wheeling in all directions. It was a very interesting study, that of the three creatures, different in formation and species, busily engaged in capturing the same kind of prey. The raptors, I believe, indulge in insect food as a corrective. I would not assert this as a fact, but I conclude this from certain traits shown by those members of the family I have possessed at various times. They know what they require

if they can get it; and the great difficulty, when they are kept as pets, is to get things for them. Two owls and one small falcon will keep a man busy and on the look-out from morning to night to supply them properly with food. Yet I consider that one is amply rewarded by the affection they will show in return, and the insight into their real nature that they can give.

With thankfulness I can chronicle the fact that lately I had a long day's ramble in the Weald, over hills and down dales, through swamp-lands and over breezy commons, without seeing any sheets of soiled and crumpled newspapers blowing about, or broken bottles littering the turf. The loud-voiced tripper, with his hamper and his squeaking concertina, has not as yet found his way there, and some years will pass away before he does.

Sometimes in Sussex wanderings it is necessary to keep to the roads, but you may follow a branch one. You will still find, along these, old farms and old moated-houses surrounded by the finest trees and scenery in Merry England. They are quiet and beautiful in the daytime, but when they stand out in the soft western light of eventide, there is something about them that you feel to the very heart's centre. These are dwellings as they were in the past, with all their surroundings unaltered, each with some history of its own. Even the large cottages have their humble records. Not a sound can be heard: all around is as calm and peaceful as the cloisters of a monastery. The spirit of restlessness and foolish hurry has not found its way here. May it never come in our time! The people who dwell here have a time for doing things, each in its season; and they never try to do two things at once. They say, in their quiet fashion, there is a time for work and a time for rest, and that is why all is so peaceful in the twilight.

One old homestead let us note. A green, broad track, bordered on each side by fine old elms, leads from the road to the stack-yard. The wagon- and cart-sheds are heavily thatched; their roofs are supported by massive oak posts, so numerous as to give you the idea, and a correct one, that when the place was first built the finest timber was ready to hand in profusion. But the barn first claims our notice. For size it is more like the nave of some old church than a barn, resting on solid brickwork, patched with lichens, breast-high round one end of the barn; and on one side of it the water from a large duck-pond comes for a foot or more up the walls; but no damp has found its way into that old building yet. People knew how to make bricks in past days, if they *were* slow, old-fashioned movers, as one hears seers of the ripe age of two-and-twenty call the past generation. The farmhouse, standing back from the yard and towering up with its grand chimney-stacks, fitted in with all that surrounded it without one jar or break; for those that built the place had the priceless gift of seeing the fitness of things, and they worked accordingly. We lean over the gate, which has swung to and fro for one generation at least. The posts would bear a wagon-wheel brushing them without shaking, and they, as well as the rails and cross-bars of the gate itself, are gray with age. The perfume of old-time flowers reaches us from the house-garden; then comes the scent from the hay, not yet quite carried from the meadows, and the new-made stacks: not in a rush of perfume, but in wafts; just as the light-shifting evening airs bring the scent to you. Here old memories are apt to come thick and fast, all unbidden: they bring before us, clear and distinct in the soft, quiet twilight, the well-known forms of some old friends who have

passed away into the night of the hereafter. This train of thought is relieved by hearing a joyous song from a feathered singer, so high in the clear vault above us, that we can just tell that it is that of a skylark. There he is, a mere speck, not larger than a bumble-bee. The bird has gained his

utmost pitch in order to sing an evening song of praise of the Power that made him. The spot lowers in circles, lower and lower yet; then the singer poises himself for his last triumphant outburst. It is finished, and the bird drops like a stone, with half-closed wings, to his haven of rest below.

*The Fortnightly Review.*

*A Son of the Marshes.*

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### SEALED ORDERS.

Death is a Spirit!  
 Those who have seen him nearest  
 Hold him dearest,  
 For rareness in his choice  
 When, at his Master's Voice,  
 He seeks, for his own call,  
 The bravest, best of all.  
 When it seems unbetimes  
 That one both good and great  
 Should pass the shadowy gate  
 Opening to stranger climes,  
 Then may ye feel full sure  
 The soul has grown so pure  
 That it must needs incline  
 Into the Vast Divine.

Death is a Spirit!  
 We deem his pace too swift;  
 To our eyes,  
 Though we be passing wise,  
 It is not given  
 To see across the rift  
 Between ourselves and Heaven!  
 On earth we hear a knell—  
 Elsewhere there peals a bell  
 In welcome for a guest,  
 New to the Wondrous Quest  
 Whereof no man on earth  
 May ever know the birth.

Only God knows, and they  
 Who have joined His great Array.

*Longman's Magazine.*

*Walter Herries Pollock.*

## THE OLD HOUSE: A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE ITALIAN OF "NEERA."

## IX.

In the vestibule of the picture-gallery, amid the throng of people struggling to make their way in, two gentlemen were holding an animated discussion, keeping a keen eye at the same time on all the arrivals. One of them, a small, spare man of about sixty, with a lemon-colored countenance, curiously diversified by gray patches indicative of beard, whiskers and moustache, made way for those who entered with an impressive air of condescension, and large semi-circular gestures, at once gracious and imposing. His correct black suit, mosaic pin in a black cravat, and brown gloves, conveyed the idea that he had thought it well, upon this occasion, to fortify his natural dignity by a scrupulous attention to externals, calculated to call to the notice of the most careless observer the fact of his own existence. This impression was enhanced by the lofty carriage of the man's head and by the looks he cast about him, tolerant and self-satisfied looks which he bestowed upon the crowd, like an aspersion of holy-water.

"The fact is," he remarked to his interlocutor, balancing his words before delivering them, as a player does his ball, "it all depends upon education. Now, my nephew—"

"Oh! is he your nephew?"

"Yes, yes! A very near relative. I have had charge of him since he was nine years old, and I have tended him like a precious plant. I have watered, and pruned, and grafted. You may say that he hasn't an idea which was not derived in the first instance from myself. It is the self-abnegation with

which we sow seed in the minds of the young, of which they, not we, will reap the fruit, that constitutes the quality, I may say the sanctity of our mission."

Signor Pompeo paused at this point, and gave a sidelong glance at certain small sheets of paper covered with notes, which his companion was pulling out of his pocket. He was well acquainted with the young man, who had been a pupil of his own, and whose ears he had boxed more than once. Now, however, he was an art-critic, and Signor Pompeo felt impelled to offer him a few suggestions for the mere pleasure of seeing the reflection of his own views in print. The circumstance did not displease him. Far from it, but he felt that the moment was a critical one, and that he must strike a good attitude. Thrusting one hand into the breast of his coat, and allowing the other to drop by his side, he reflected: "Here is another whom I have formed. Who knows but he too may have his hour of celebrity, in which case he will certainly think of me!"

"Did I understand you to say, Signor Professor, that your nephew is twenty-one?"

"Twenty-one."

"And has he always had this passion for art?"

"Always."

"From his earliest infancy?"

"Precisely. He scribbled all over his copy-books."

"How, scribbled?"

"Oh, first attempts; you understand! Raphael began in the same way. *Ars longa*. Ah, what a painter was Raphael!"

And Signor Pompeo stroked his chin

arched his eyebrows, and rose upon the tips of his toes, that the crowd might have an opportunity to see him. Just then a group of youths came by whose long hair and short coats appeared to mark them as art-students. They formed a respectful circle around a tall, portly, well-dressed man, who preached the word in a voice purposely lowered so as not to attract the attention of the profane. His brief, decisive judgments, which often amounted to no more than a scornful shrug of the shoulders, were heard with the deepest deference by his devoted clique; and the changing complexions of some of them testified to the overweening influence of the speaker.

"That is the president of the committee of awards, Professor X.," whispered the art-critic in Signor Pompeo's ear. "I must hear what he is saying." And, suiting the action to the word, he slipped in among the listeners, and his meagre figure disappeared behind the flowing locks of the great man's disciples.

Meanwhile the Lamberti sisters had entered and come up behind Signor Pompeo, quite unperceived by him. They were a graceful and distinguished-looking pair, and always much observed wherever they went, as much, however, for the lustre of their name as for their personal qualities. The voice of Gentile Lamberti, though fallen silent so long, still echoed in the hearts which it had once made beat so high, by virtue of that special privilege which prolongs beyond the grave the existence of certain ardent souls. It often happened to these girls to hear the words, "Those are Gentile Lamberti's daughters," uttered behind them in a tone of reverent sympathy, which moved Anna to the depths of her being, while it wreathed the lips of Elvira with a smile of gratified vanity.

Curiosity concerning the awards, and the keen competition which they had

excited, had brought an enormous crowd to the exposition that day. In the great hall where the throng circulated with difficulty the heat was insupportable. The atmosphere, laden with a thousand foul exhalations, the sickly prevalent odor of which was by no means improved by occasional whiffs of over-strong perfumery, weighed oppressively upon all present. The white linen screens, half-drawn for the purpose of regulating the light, restricted the space yet further, and, by imprisoning the air, rendered it all the more suffocating and unbreathable. The crowds tramped on through the uniform white light, dazed rather than delighted, receiving upon the retina a confused impression of colors, which, in most cases, presently developed into a slight headache. Now and then some exceptionally sensational subject, or daring bit of execution, called forth derisive exclamations or a rapid exchange of witticisms; but the human herd soon lapsed again into its heavy and resigned march past the interminable line of pictures.

"It is terribly hot," said Elvira.

The two sisters, equally anxious to know whether the award had already been made, pressed on in the wake of the crowd and saw nothing. Their sole desire was to overtake Flavio. Presently, to their great impatience, a bourgeois family, comprising three generations, halted before a picture entitled "The Clear-Starcher," and blocked their way for some little time.

"There's the picture that ought to take the prize," remarked paterfamilias in an authoritative tone. The others responded with a chorus of laudation, one eulogizing the face of the woman with the flatiron, another the way her sleeves were rolled up; another said she looked like a kitten sniffing at the newly-washed linen; a fourth pointed to the fact that the cuff she was ironing was a little scorched and

frayed, and said it was "so natural." But the mother of the family, after a long and silent observation of the piece, gave it as her opinion that the ironing-table was too low.

"Really," repeated Elvira, "this heat is dreadful."

"You always feel the heat so much," answered Anna gently.

"But to-day it is excessive."

"Yes, indeed it is. If we could only get out of this crowd!"

"I thought I saw Signor Pompeo."

"Where?"

"I cannot see him now."

They met some friends, who exclaimed:

"Just to think of your young painter! What a tremendous success!"

"Have the prizes been awarded?" asked Elvira.

"Not yet."

The crowd surged in between them, and the two sisters were all but carried off their feet and had to thrust aside those who pressed upon them, but kept one another in view. Their sole desire was to reach Flavio's picture, which was in the last room of all.

"Let us rest one moment," said Elvira.

With some difficulty they found places upon a divan in the centre of the hall. They were in the midst of a party of fashionables, one of whom was of the species described in literary journals and the prefaces to books as intellectual. This lady was standing and appeared to be just winding up a discourse upon painting in general.

"It is Sizerranne who says so, and of course it is true."

"All the same," replied a middle-aged gentleman, who was also standing and fanning himself with a small Japanese fan, "I do not approve of our artists imitating the English."

"Do you not like Burne-Jones?" and as the intellectual lady pronounced this name she glanced at the new-comers

who had just seated themselves upon the divan, to observe its effect upon them.

"Oh, yes, I like one Burne-Jones, but two would be too many. True genius never founds a school. It is the manifestation of a strong individuality which begins and ends with itself."

"The pre-Raphaelites, in my opinion, have not said their last word."

"Really?" remarked the gentleman with the fan, and said no more.

Two girls rushed up at this moment and seized the hands of the intellectual lady, crying, "Oh, why don't they announce the award, dear?"

"I suppose the jury feels the heat," murmured the gentleman, fanning himself more energetically.

"And yet," said the intellectual lady, speaking slowly and impressively, "the selection ought not to be difficult. Proceeding by the method of elimination, what have they left to act upon? Eight or ten works, at most!"

"For my part," said a high-nosed lady wearing a Marchesa's coronet, "I don't see a single picture here which I should care to have in my drawing-room."

"Oh, but this!" cried her companion, indicating a St. Jerome, all in tones of yellow and black, like scorched wood. "So much expression!"

"I don't see it! Fancy that thing over my Louis Quinze divan! Why, it looks as though it came out of the Thebald, my dear!"

"There is much more style about those young girls in the picture which the artist has named 'Spring in Greece,' observed the intellectual dame, "though they are certainly too nude. Artists get so used to the coarseness of the Academy that they forget there are any ladies in the world."

"Any *real* ladies," emphasized the Marchesa, dilating her large nostrils.

"How would you like for your drawing-room," inquired he of the fan, "the



picture of that young Symbolist, 'Coming?' "

"Oh, not at all! It moves me quite too much! I should always think there was a burglar in the next room!"

"What an idea!"

"I assure you that is the way it affects me. The young man has such an anxious, terrified look!"

"I admit the anxiety, but I should explain it otherwise."

The friend of Burne-Jones and La Sizeranne here put in a parenthesis.

"I should not say that that picture belonged to the Symbolist school. To me it is intensely realistic."

"It is quite possible to be symbolical and truthful at the same time. What do you say, Marchesa?"

"I say that the frame is in shocking taste, at all events."

The Lamberti sisters rose. "If we could only find Flavio!" murmured Anna. Elvira made no answer. She was quite pale now and overpowered by a feeling of fatigue, which their brief halt had done nothing to alleviate. They resumed their slow progress along with the crowd, catching fragments of conversation, half-judgments, and detached expressions, all intermingled with the most grotesque effect.

A lively little old man with moustaches like Victor Emanuel's and a green felt hat set on rather jauntily, leaned heavily upon his companion's arm, while he growled in his ear with the air of a conspirator.

"We've got to return to historical painting; 'tis our only salvation. What do all these puppets amount to? Fancy, do you say? Sentiment? I say rubbish! What we want is good drawing, and somebody who can tell a story! There's not a living man who knows how to draw! Think of the Indunis and Focosis of my time. Think of Emanuel Phillibert, flinging the golden fleece at the feet of the Spanish ambassador—"

At this point the chatter of two school-girls rose high above the grumbling of the critic.

"—with rows of white trimming round the bottom of the skirt and white buttons—"

"No, black buttons."

"That's worse yet!"

Suddenly Anna and Elvira both started, fancying that they detected the word "prize." But they could hear no more, and Elvira slipped her hand inside Anna's arm. Finally they arrived at the last room. There was such a crowd of young men before Flavio's picture that they found it impossible to get near it; but Anna, who was the taller, rose for an instant upon tip-toe and then sank back suddenly with a nervous clutch upon her sister's arm. She had seen the card upon the picture announcing that it had won the prize.

"Let me see, too," whispered Elvira, her voice thick with unwonted emotion.

Pale, trembling, but exultant, the sisters took their draught of joy. There was a hubbub of voices about them, but they heard nothing. Only they got a vague glimpse of Signor Pompeo standing stiffly beside the successful picture, and regarding the public with a benevolent smile.

"Let us go now," said Anna, and they retraced their steps through one or two of the halls, until, impelled by the need of fresh air, they took refuge in the so-called garden of the Exhibition, where an abundance of flowers and artistically-disposed ferns gave an illusion of freshness. They had hardly seated themselves on a small bench in a retired and shady corner, when Flavio was at their side.

He was radiant with joy, yet his triumph was as though tempered and slightly veiled by some indelible reminiscence of his melancholy childhood.

He had, moreover, that genuine mod-

esty which is always collected in success; repressing all outward manifestation, but performing a kind of inner rite, and making to itself a solemn, almost a religious vow.

"It is all your doing," Flavio said as he pressed Anna's hand. She was deeply moved and very happy, and yet she, too, was conscious of a haunting sadness which seemed a presentiment in her case, rather than a memory.

Elvira did not immediately speak, but she leaned over the arm of the bench and gave Flavio one ardent look—she who was usually so cool!—which exercised over him a bewildering fascination. She was at that divine moment of youth when the power to charm of every living creature is at its height. Innocent though she was, and carefully, even severely, trained, there emanated from her whole person a suggestion of passionate desire. Flavio felt it; and felt that in that hour of unwonted excitement he was powerless to defend himself against it. They looked at one another with swimming and appealing eyes.

Their silence became insupportable to Anna, who turned desperately toward Flavio, and asked him a number of idle questions, painfully conscious all the while of her own forced and excessive volubility. She would gladly have arisen and resumed their wearisome walk among the pictures, but Elvira was apparently exhausted, and they had but just sat down. Glancing at her sister's languid pose and the passing pallor that so wonderfully softened her features, at the youthful bust in its rose-colored bodice and the sweet curves of the bare neck above it, where time had not as yet imprinted a single defacing line, she perceived, in spite of herself, the secret of the other's power. Her sister seemed more than ever a stranger to her; but armed, nevertheless, with invincible rights. She bowed her head and gazed

at the pattern of the inlaid floor, abstractedly and in profound silence.

An orchestra, stationed behind a pyramid of gigantic ferns, was playing an air from the "Orpheus;" and the delicately impassioned strain filled all the little garden which the crowd had not yet invaded, and where the air, warm but still pure, was laden with the scent of half-opened azaleas, inducing a dreamy torpor.

"It is so nice here," murmured Elvira, in a barely articulate voice, and to Flavio in his hyper-sensitive condition, with every nerve high-strung, even these insignificant words had power to evoke images which glowed like lighted torches, planted along a new, unknown, yet irresistibly alluring, way. Elvira's eyes, extraordinarily large, with a hint of suffering in the purple shadows that encircled them, fastened themselves upon those of the young artist with a long, insistent, unconscious but feverish appeal.

"I'm afraid," continued Elvira with an infantile smile, "that your admirers will come and carry you off bodily."

"No danger," stammered Flavio, not knowing exactly what he said.

Anna looked up and saw the pair exchanging some hurried confidence in brief and broken words, like those half-heard but not understood by her a few hours before in the house. She also noted that Elvira's right arm, from which she had pulled off the long glove, lay on the back of the bench close to Flavio's; a natural act enough, and justified by their long intimacy, yet somehow it excited a feeling of disgust, and she turned her eyes away from the singular expression which she saw in Elvira's.

"You feel better, do you not?"

"Oh, yes, very much better. It was only the excessive heat that overpowered me. I've a little headache still, but that will soon pass."

"What has become of your glove?"

inquired Anna, glancing involuntarily at the arm, bare to the elbow, which Elvira lifted in order to settle her disarranged hair.

Both Flavio and Elvira began to search for it, and as it fell from the bench, Flavio snatched at it and laughed.

"It's not 'the faithless one's' at all events," breathed Elvira in his ear; and Flavio laughed the more, but made no answer.

Anna felt certain that both speech and laughter had reference to some part of their previous conversation, and with a painful sense of humiliation she relapsed into silence. She felt bitterly that life was escaping her. . .

The crowd had by this time invaded the little garden, and the trio rose to go. Elvira forgot her glove again, but Flavio ran back and fetched it, while Anna said with a certain impatience, "Why did you not put it on?"

With an air of docile obedience, Elvira inserted her fingers, one by one; then thrust in the thumb, by a sudden movement of the whole arm which she held extended for an instant, white and dazzling, in the sunshine which gilded its all but invisible down.

"What fine stuffs ladies wear," said Flavio simply, fixing his eyes upon Elvira's sleeve.

"Do you like this?"

"Oh, very much! The clover-leaf design is so graceful. It struck me the instant I saw you."

Anna's gown was of the same material, and even the same pattern; only in a different color, because she thought herself too old to wear pink. But Flavio had not noticed hers.

"May we not have one more look at the picture before we go?" inquired Elvira with bewitching grace; and her interest gave Flavio a keen thrill of gratified vanity.

Before the picture, Elvira fell into a kind of ecstasy, and poured forth a

flood of sweet though vague enthusiasm, which coursed through Flavio's veins, intoxicating him like some potent liquor.

Suddenly the color left her cheeks again, the light went out of her eyes, and she leaned against the wall. Anna and Flavio both hastened to support her, but though she recovered herself almost instantly, she accepted Flavio's assistance and left the exhibition, leaning on his arm.

She moved so feebly that they advised her to lie down on reaching home, but she made light of it all, and protested that if she could but rest upon the terrace a little she should be quite herself. When dinner-time came, however, she appeared no stronger.

"It is nothing but the heat," she kept repeating, when they urged her to go to bed. And all the while there was the same strange phosphorescent light in her eyes, the same darkness in their depths.

She insisted upon taking her place at table, but could touch no food. She complained incessantly of the heat, and chattered away with unnatural vivacity about the exhibition, the award, the persons they had met; while Anna watched her anxiously. Immediately after dinner Flavio took his leave.

"She is not well," said Anna, who had gone with him to the door. "I think we should call a physician."

Flavio looked distressed, and Anna perceiving it added, "Let us hope it may be nothing serious."

"Everything that concerns her is serious to me," answered Flavio naively.

Elvira had gone back to the terrace, and smiled very sweetly when she saw Flavio come out, making a place for him beside her.

"Just feel my hand," she said. "Anna fancies that I have fever."

Flavio clasped the hand, and Elvira bent toward him. "Feel my forehead.

too," she said, and Flavio touched it.

"Does it burn?" she asked.

He would not say yes or no, for fear of alarming her; but the anxious look he gave Anna betrayed him.

"Am I really ill?" Elvira exclaimed. "And to-morrow we were to go into the country!"

"A day more or less won't matter," observed Anna, soothingly; "we can go the day after to-morrow."

They all talked a little of woods and hills and shaded paths, and excursions the three of them would make together, Elvira making Flavio promise over and over again that he would be with them. Then the talk slackened, and Elvira fell back exhausted.

"Please come to bed," entreated Anna, and this time her sister offered no resistance.

She had not even the strength to undress. Anna had to loosen and take off her garments one by one, as though she had been a baby.

"I am burning," Elvira said, and at intervals repeated the same word in a smothered voice, but said no more.

When, however, Anna spoke of getting a physician's opinion before she slept, Elvira eagerly assented. "Send for him," she cried, "and make him cure me quick!"

In the interval before he came, she fell into a drowse; and Anna, when she saw her eyelids close, removed the

lamp to a distance, and utterly worn out herself with all the fatigue of the day, leaned out of the window for a breath of fresh air.

"It is nothing," she assured herself, "nothing alarming. Fatigue,—the stifling heat,—her own agitation. Was she really agitated? Why should she have been? Was it she who had loved him since he was a pitiful little urchin? Was it she who had defended him when he was the laughing-stock of the rest?—who had lent an ear to the first stammering speech of that sensitive and tender soul? who had been his mind, his conscience? Oh, no! She had invariably flouted and despised him. Why then should she be agitated? Why?"

A spasm contracted her throat. The scenes of the day arose and passed before her; the words, the pauses, the looks and the smiles of those two. And she was seventeen, and he barely twenty-one.

"How quietly she sleeps! It is evidently nothing serious; and yet—" The recollection flashed upon her of young lives that she had known cut off in their flower, and she started, and her heart beat violently for a moment against her folded arms. "It is nothing, nothing," she repeated in the voice of one who contends against some evil obsession, and softly closed the blinds, for fear of waking the sleeper.

*Nuova Antologia.*

*(To be concluded.)*

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### MUSIC AND WORDS.

When music is "wedded to immortal verse," the intention presumably is that both parties shall be gainers by the union; that the words shall be more perfectly interpreted than would be possible by a mere reading, and that

the music shall express more than a merely instrumental performance would convey: in fact that the value of the combination shall be more than the sum of the values of the two ingredients, just as a chord of three of four

notes, sounded together, possesses a beauty or value beyond that of the three or four notes sounded in succession.

For the attainment of this result it is obvious that where, as is usually the case, the words exist before the music, the duty of the composer is to adapt his music both to the character and to the form of the words.

The question as to how far music is capable of expressing a definite meaning is beyond the scope of the present inquiry, and is moreover one which can scarcely be discussed with any very fruitful result. If A declares that he perceives a particular meaning in a certain musical phrase, and B replies that he perceives no such meaning at all, there is practically an end of the discussion. For the purpose in hand it may then be admitted or assumed that the first of the two requirements—viz. that the music shall be adapted to the words as regards character—is usually successfully fulfilled.

In fulfilling the second of the two requirements—viz. that the music shall be perfectly adapted to the words as regards form, the composer is not always so successful; in fact, were it not that we can hardly suspect Milton of perpetrating a joke, it would almost seem that, when he spoke of music being "wedded to immortal verse," he must have used the phrase ironically, thinking, perhaps, of his own matrimonial experience.

It may be assumed that one essential quality of verse is rhythm, and that if the rhythm is disturbed the beauty of the verse is marred if not wholly ruined. This, however, is a consideration which many musical composers entirely ignore. The process would seem to be as follows: the musician selects some verses, possibly the work of a genuine poet; he then composes his melody, and if the rhythm of the verse happens to suit that of his melody,

well and good: if not, he proceeds, after the manner of Procrustes, to make it fit by altering the text, by repeating a word here and a phrase there, by leaving out some words and extending others to five or ten times their proper metrical value. This process is called "setting words to music."

It may be pointed out here that a criticism of this treatment of the words involves no expression of opinion as to the quality of the music. As a matter of fact, in many instances where the words are hopelessly spoiled, the music is undoubtedly beautiful. But the music is beautiful in spite of, and not because of, the maltreatment of the words, and its beauty would be far more perfect if the ear and intelligence of the hearer were not offended by the mutilation of the verses which the music is supposed to assist.

The above accusation includes three specific charges, viz. that some musical composers in setting music to words, or rather words to music,

1. Tamper with the text.
2. Destroy the metrical form of the verse by

(a) Repetition or omission of words.

(b) Extension of the natural metrical value of syllables.

As regards the first of these charges, tampering with the text is possibly not always a very serious crime: it may be that in some instances the verse is positively improved by the new reading, or at least better adapted for singing: but perhaps it is allowable to express a wish that poets of the rank of Shakespeare, Burns and Shelley, might be spared such experiments in emendation as the following:—

In "Who is Sylvia?"

*Shakespeare*—"that she might admired be."

*Schubert*—"that adored she might be."

In "Bid me discourse."

*Shakespeare*—"like a nymph with  
long dishevelled hair."

*Bishop*—"like a nymph with bright  
and flowing hair."

In "Where the bee sucks."

*Shakespeare*—"there suck I."

*Arne*—"there lurk I."

*Shakespeare*—"after summer mer-  
rily."

*Arne*—"after sunset merrily."

The alterations quoted above are not very important and will rouse no serious indignation, except perhaps in the breasts of Shakespearian students, in whose eyes every syllable of the text is sacrosanct.

The next example exhibits the musician dealing more boldly with his text.

Burns wrote some verses "On Chloris being ill;" Sterndale Bennett prefers the title "To Chloe in sickness." To this change no very grave objection can be made; but the alterations in the text of the song itself are far more serious.

Burns wrote—

Long, long the night,  
Heavy comes the morrow.

The rhythm of this is massacred in Sterndale Bennett's version, which runs thus—

Long, long is the night,  
And heavy comes the morrow.

The second verse is mutilated almost beyond recognition. Sufficient to say that while Burns was satisfied with "fair" as a rhyme to "care," Bennett, more ambitious, makes "light" rhyme to "care," and "fair" to "mourn." The word "mourn" does not indeed occur in the original at all, and is apparently introduced by the musician merely to get a really satisfactory rhyme to "fair."

The words of Charles Salaman's fine song, "I arise from dreams of thee," are supposed to be by Shelley, but they have suffered, or at least been considerably modified, in the process of "setting to music."

The last four lines of Shelley's first stanza run as follows:—

I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how?—  
To thy chamber window, sweet.

The revised version is—

I arise from dreams of thee, of thee,  
(line repeated)  
And a spirit, a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how?—  
Hath led me to thy chamber window,  
sweet, (repeated)  
A spirit hath led me to thee, Sweet,  
A spirit hath led me to thee.

In the third stanza Shelley wrote:—

O lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.

These four lines disappear altogether in the song, and the following take their place:—

The gentle dews of sleep  
Are falling on thine eye,  
And I, alas! must weep;  
Thou know'st not, thou know'st not  
I am nigh.

There are a few minor alterations in the last four lines of this stanza, but sufficient has been said to justify a protest against the words of the song being described as Shelley's, unless there is another authentic version of the poem besides that published in Shelley's works.

The next charge is that of destroying the rhythm of verse by the repetition of words and phrases. This practice is very general, and in some instances



excusable; the repetition of the last line of a stanza, particularly where the line has the character of a refrain, may be, and often is, effective, and can hardly be said to injure the form of the stanza. But where a word or phrase is repeated before the close of the stanza is reached, the rhythm is hopelessly spoilt and the ear grievously offended.

Thus Shelley wrote—

Regrets which glide thro' the spirit's  
gloom,  
And with ghastly whispers tell  
That joy, once lost, is pain.

Sterndale Bennett, in defiance of sense,  
grammar, and metre, reads—

Revenge which glides o'er the spirit's  
gloom,  
And with ghastly whispers, with  
ghastly whispers tell  
That joy once lost, that joy once lost  
is pain.

The following lines of Shakespeare might, one would think, have commanded the respect of the most sacrilegiously disposed musician:—

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on  
high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose  
silver breast  
The sun ariseth in true majesty.

In Sir Henry Bishop's setting of these lines, the verse is first sung through as written, with the exception that the last line is repeated; then Sir Henry starts afresh and warms to his work with the following result:—

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on  
high.  
Lo! here the gentle lark, Lo! here the  
gentle lark  
Weary, weary of rest, mounts on high,  
Mounts on high, mounts on high.  
Lo! here the gentle lark, Lo! here the  
gentle lark,

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Weary, weary of rest, weary of rest,  
Mounts on high, mounts on high,  
Mounts, mounts on high, on high.

There is a song of Shakespeare's, tolerably well known, beginning, "Tell me, where is Fancy bred?" This is how it is "adapted" to music:—

Tell me, tell me, tell me, where is  
Fancy bred?  
Tell me, tell me, where is Fancy bred?  
Tell me, tell me, tell me, where is  
Fancy bred?

Or in the heart, or in the head,  
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me,  
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me,  
Where is Fancy bred?  
How begot? How nourished?  
How begot? How nourished?

Reply, reply, reply, reply, reply.  
It is engendered in the eye,  
It is engendered in the eye,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies.  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
In the cradle where it lies, where it  
lies.

Whether it be read or sung, this is sheer nonsense.

As regards the practice of extending the metrical value of syllables, it may be admitted that considerable license is permissible and even desirable: to read poetry to the beat of a metronome would be an atrocity. But when poetry is properly read, though we do not hear the scansion obtrusively insisted upon, though the exact metrical value of a syllable is often slightly extended or reduced, yet we are conscious throughout of the metre. So in a song there should surely be some limit to the license allowed; it may be permissible and even advantageous to extend a syllable twenty-five, fifty, or even seventy-five per cent.; but when the extension reaches five hundred or one thousand per cent. the symmetry of the verse is ruined.

An extreme instance of this vice is

seen in a song already mentioned, viz. Sir H. Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark." In this case each line of the verse naturally covers four bars or sixteen beats; but in one place the monosyllable "high" is stretched over five bars; in another the first syllable of "weary" covers eight bars, i. e., this syllable is stretched to twenty times its natural length.

The curious indifference, if not contempt, with which the musician frequently regards the words that he has to deal with, is constantly exemplified in part music and especially in anthems and the choruses of oratorios. The simple-minded "outsider" would naturally suppose that when words are sung they are intended to be heard, and that, where there are four parts, the obvious way to bring about the desired result would be to see that all four voices should be singing the same words at the same time. This, however, is very rarely the case; so far as the words are concerned the four parts proceed quite independently of one another, and the result, however admirable the musical effect may be, is chaotic nonsense.

A chorus in an oratorio is, in fact, not unlike that Caucus race in which Alice took part, and in which "they began running when they liked." Soprano generally gets away first with a strong lead, Alto and Tenor have to spurt vigorously to catch her up, and at the end of the first lap they are perhaps all together for a moment. But the pace tells: Soprano and Alto have each in turn to stop to recover their wind, while Tenor sails ahead; Bass, meanwhile, rumbling about the low G and worrying a preposition. In the end, however, the four competitors manage to pass the post neck and neck, just as in the Caucus race, where "Everybody has won and all must have prizes."

This treatment of the words in cho-

ruses and anthems, absurd as it is, is far more excusable than the wanton mutilation of poetry, of which examples have been given above; partly because the words of a chorus are, as a rule, not in metrical form, partly because there is apparently no intention or pretence on the part of the musician to secure a hearing or comprehension of the words sung. The words are, in fact, merely a peg upon which to hang the music, and have little more to do with the composition than the books mentioned at the head of one of Macaulay's essays have to do with the essay itself.

There are, of course, numberless songs against which none of the above objections can be urged. In ballads and in popular songs generally the rhythm of the music is, as a rule, subordinated to that of the words, and the fact that the music of such songs is not always of a very lofty kind, while in many undoubtedly fine songs the words are shamefully entreated, may perhaps point to the conclusion that a high level of musical composition is incompatible with a due regard to the rights of the words. If this is so, why attempt the impossible? After all, it is so easy not to write a five-act tragedy.

The composer who takes the words of a poet is bound to respect them; he has no right to add, leave out, or repeat words, or to change their metrical value. He perpetrates an outrage when he repeats the same word six or eight times or extends another to ten times its natural length.

If the composer cannot conform to the conditions of the material upon which he works; if, in fact, he cannot write a song without mutilating or rendering ridiculous the verses which he employs, would he not do well to confine himself to songs without words? If he must have words, let him take some that are frankly non-

sensical, such as the time-honored "fal-lal-la" and the more modern "tooral-looral." Or, again, let him make a selection from the works of the poets who supply the fourpenny box, but let him at any rate spare from his experiments the works of those whom the world has agreed to honor as poets.

Let the composer consider what his own feelings would be if the process were reversed. Let him imagine that he, the musician, has written a melody, and that the poet undertakes to "set it to words." Let him further suppose that the poet, in order to make things fit, repeats a phrase of the melody here

and there, omits an occasional note and extends another to ten times the length assigned to it by the composer. Could the average musician find language adequate to express his opinion of such a proceeding?

The composer has always open to him the realm of instrumental music, where he can roam at will unfettered by any conditions except those which his own art imposes. But if he voluntarily associates his own with the sister art of poetry, he should surely be prepared to surrender a portion of his own liberty and to pay some regard to the rights of the other partner.

Longman's Magazine.

Frank Ritchie.

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"GRACE FOR LIGHT."

When we were little childer we had a quare wee house,  
 Away up in the heather by the head o' Brabla' burn;  
 The hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear the crowin'  
 grouse,  
 An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to the wall,  
 An' the lave of us could sit aroun', just annywhere we might;  
 Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all,  
 An' "God be thankèd!" she would say,—"*now we have a light.*"

Then we be to quiet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor,  
 An' think on One who called us to come an' be forgiven;  
 Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word more,  
 "*May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o' Heaven!*"

There' a wheen things that used to be an' now has had their  
 day;  
 The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight;  
 But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla' way,  
 Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace for  
 light.

The Spectator.

Maira O'Neill.

## CONCERNING AN ANCIENT THEATRE.\*

(Conclusion.)

I am neglecting one personage who, without mixing with the rest or having any direct share in the action of the piece, nevertheless plays a great part in it: I mean the flute-player. He is always there, in a corner, at the far end of the *pulpitum* near one of the wings, and he is rarely off duty before the end of the comedy. Not only must he amuse the spectators during the waits and keep them in their seats by performing little airs on his instrument, but he must be ready at any stage of the performance to take up his double flute and puff out his cheeks. For it is he who accompanies the *canticum*, and the old-fashioned pieces, those of Plautus especially, were composed almost entirely of *cantica*.

What was the meaning of this word? I will try to give as clear an idea of it as may be, without inflicting upon the reader a too scientific explanation.

The Roman drama consisted of two parts: one spoken and the other sung. It is evident therefore that the mixture of warbling and declamation which some critics ridicule in our modern opera is of very ancient origin. It is true that these two modes of expression differed less among the ancients than with ourselves. The singing was hardly more than a *recitative*, which laid special stress on the rhythm of the verse, the succession of long and short syllables, the difference between quick and slow time. So that the singing was, in fact, very like speaking, and it was quite as easy to pass from one to the other, as it is in Italian opera to pass from recitative to cavatina.

\* Translated for The Living Age.

<sup>1</sup> There is a curious bit of evidence to this effect in the *Stichus* of Plautus. At the close of the piece, the slaves, who are having a jol-

Among the Romans the difference depended chiefly on the character of the verses employed by the poet. Some were made to be sung or chanted, and others to be simply recited.

French poetry is poor, one of its chief disadvantages being that our poets are constrained to use, alike for the epic, the satire, and the drama, that same stately and monotonous Alexandrine, which is really not fit for all these purposes. The ancients, more fortunate than ourselves, had one special kind of metre which was reserved for dramatic dialogue. It was chosen for the purpose, we are told by Aristotle, because it most resembled the measure of ordinary conversation, where the speaker often makes a verse unintentionally. The learned name of this measure was the *iambic trimeter*; and the Latins, who borrowed it from the Greeks, called it the *senarius*, because it actually had six feet. This verse, a little shorter and more colloquial than the dactylic hexameter which had been appropriated by the epic, swifter also and more supple, seemed made to express action, and was therefore especially adapted for the drama.

The distinguishing peculiarity of the *senarius* was that it was not accompanied by the flute:<sup>1</sup> that is to say, it was recited, not sung. All other kinds of verse, on the other hand, belong to the part of the piece which was sung: that is to say, they are to be classed as *cantica*. Now the number of these passages, in the Roman drama, is very great, comprising as many, on the av-

lification, ask the flute-player to take a drink with them; and since he cannot play and drink at the same time, the "*Senarii*" are temporarily required to accommodate him.

erage, as two-thirds of the whole, and, in some of the plays of Plautus, three-quarters. The *canticum* is, therefore, by far the most important part of these pieces; and this seems the more remarkable when we remember that the chant had almost entirely disappeared from the comedies of Menander, Diphilus and Philemon, whom Plautus usually follows. After these had become a species of bourgeois drama, with subjects drawn for the most part from every-day life, it was natural to make the characters talk an every-day language; and they consequently employ that iambic trimeter, which is the rhythm of common conversation. Why, then, did their disciple Plautus not imitate his teachers in this as well as in other things? What reason could he have had for multiplying, as he did, the musical passages? When you come to know the man, the answer is easy; he wanted to please his public. It must, therefore, be admitted either that the Italian race always had the same pronounced taste for music as now, or, what is more likely, that the regular development of a plot, the charm of versification and the expression of refined and lofty sentiments, which were enough for the Greeks, did not satisfy a Roman audience; that they required to have the interest enhanced by dancing and singing: that is to say, that they were especially sensitive to that kind of material enjoyment which takes the senses captive and requires no particular effort of the intelligence. Whatever the reason may have been, the Greek and the Roman comedy were two different things in every respect.

Even in those chanted passages, which hold so large a place in Plautus, there are differences to be discerned which arise from the nature of the metres which he employed. Critics are agreed in distinguishing two kinds of *cantica*, not quite the same, though

they go by the same name. The poet frequently makes use of those iambic or trochaic verses of seven or eight feet which were extremely popular at Rome, and which were called *septenarii* and *octonarii*. They are a little longer than the *senarius*, though they resemble it closely. They are in fact of the same nature and adapted to the same sort of use in common conversation, and it is often hard to see why, in the very midst of a dialogue, the poet should change from the shorter to the longer verse, and a little farther on return to the shorter. There was probably no reason whatever for these changes, save the caprice of the author and the taste of the public. There is really no fundamental distinction, unless it be that the longer verses were accompanied by the flute: that is, they were chanted. We do not know, and can only conjecture that it must have been in some very simple way, both chant and accompaniment being as lightly marked as possible.

The other kind of *canticum* is more important, or, rather it is the latter which is the true *canticum*. The main feature of it is that it consists of verses of various kinds, unlike in metre and unequal in length, which are, to all intents and purposes, lyric verses. Such are, to cite but one example, the passages of which the prevailing metre is the one called *cretic* (a short between two longs), where it seems to me as though the least practised ear could hardly fail at once to catch the rapid, leaping rhythm. In the *casina* a woman rushes upon the stage and gives utterance in these words to the terror which possesses her:

"Nulla sum, nulla sum, tota, tota occidi."

In another place an impatient young lover dashes at his mistress' door, demanding to be let in:

"Pessull, heus, pessull, vos saluto  
 lubens,  
 Vos amo, vos volo, vos peto atque ob-  
 secro."

The cretic, and other similar feet of the same quick and lively character, combine to form verses which it is not always easy for us to scan. We no longer find the regular succession of strophe and antistrophe, which answer one another so harmoniously in the choruses of Sophocles and Aristophanes. If their distribution be regulated by any law, which it probably is, that law has not yet been discovered. But their lyrical and musical character is unmistakable. It is not manifested by pomp of expression, splendor of imagery, rapidity of thought and a sort of inward fire, as in the odes of Pindar and in modern lyric poetry, but by more material signs, a certain fullness of development, an accumulation of word and a repetition of assonances. Verses of this description sometimes occupy entire scenes, during which the poets pit their personages against one another in a kind of verbal battle; but they are more frequently reserved for monologues and tirades, where one actor speaks all the time. These monodies assumed an ever-increasing importance in the Roman drama, until finally the name of *canticum* came to be applied only to them. The public admired them extremely, applauded them furiously and insisted on having them repeated again and again, until the performer was quite worn out. The music for these monologues was composed by a special artist, whose name doubtless appeared upon the play-bill, since it has been preserved in the instructions which accompany the plays of Terence; and we are told that the airs to which the poet's words

were set became so popular that one piece in which they occurred was recognized at the first note, and "That is the Andromache" was the instantaneous cry, or "That is the Antiope." Unhappily there is not a note of this music in existence, and with it has gone an essential part of the dramatic representations of the ancients. We must never forget, in reading the plays of Plautus, that we possess only a portion of what constituted their charm; and that we cannot judge them quite fairly in the absence of the flute-player, which is why I have made a point of hunting him out from the side-scenes and presenting him to the reader.

## VI.

We have now taken a rapid and somewhat superficial survey of the essential arrangements of an ancient theatre. We have some notion of the *pulpitum*, and it is time for us to call the players and make acquaintance with them. It will not take long, for they were few in number. Apuleius, in one of the studied and balanced passages peculiar to him, enumerates twelve; but it is quite evident that he was more or less carried away by his passion for symmetry and assonance.<sup>2</sup> His list comprises more than one duplicate, and in reality there were seldom more than eight or nine characters in a piece. This modest number answered all the requirements of the primitive play.

Undoubtedly the public before whom they perpetually appeared became too familiar with them; especially since there was a prescribed costume for every one, whereby he might be recognized at first sight. The use of masks

<sup>2</sup> The passage from Apuleius is as follows: "Leno perjurus, et amator ferivus et servus callidus; et amica illudens et uxor inhibens, et mater indulgens; et patruus objurgator, et

sodalis opitulator, et miles procliator; sed et parasiti edaces et parentes tenaces et meretrices procaces."



did not become common at Rome until a later period, and the actors, who were anxious above all things to increase their apparent size, were reduced to the device of wearing enormous wigs, which differed according to the age and condition of the character. Those of old people were white; those of young ones, blonde; those of slaves, red. This was the first distinguishing mark, and it was visible at a great distance; but there were others even more significant. The slave wore a short tunic and a little cape, which he flung back over his shoulder that it might not impede his movements when he was in a hurry or feigned to be so, (*servus currens*). The parasite's cloak is more ample, that he may be able to drape himself withal, and put on, if need be, the semblance of a sober-minded citizen. Sometimes he wears a bandage over one eye; sometimes he has but one; and the unfortunate results are thereby suggested of those free fights which often take place after banquets, during one of which bottles are supposed to have been vainly flung at the parasite's head to make him decamp. The captain (*miles gloriosus*) wears a red *chlamys* and a kind of *toque* perched jauntily upon his head. As for the *leno*, "detested of gods and men," his exterior must, of course, suggest his vile business and justify the hatred which he excites. He is bald and snub-nosed, with a deeply furrowed brow and bushy eyebrows; and he almost disappears behind an enormous abdomen, which invites the jeers of the audience (*ventriosus, cum ventre collatitio*). There are no precise directions for the costume of the female characters, but it is entirely probable that the youths who played those parts were handsomely dressed in elegant Greek tunics. The sole indication we have is in the words which describe them as "arrayed with taste and in the latest mode (*concinne et nove*). When

the young courtesan appears in her doorway, she must produce upon the lover who summons and awaits her the effect of a blooming spring landscape:

"Ver vide;  
Ut tota floret! ut olet! ut nitide nitet!"

In reality, these personages, always dressed in the same way, striking the same attitudes, expressing the same sentiments and repeating very nearly the same words, are less individuals than types. This is so true that very often, in the manuscripts, they are not designated by any proper name, but are merely labelled "the Old Man," "the Young Man," "the Parasite," etc. In this respect the comedy of Plautus approximates to that of Atellanus; the only difference being that the former brings before the public actual and familiar types, such as the soldier, the courtesan, the procurer, instead of grotesque individualities, like Pappus, Bucco and Maccus, who are more like Harlequin and Punch. The employment of a limited number of actors, always with definite parts, had its inconveniences no doubt. It rendered the performances monotonous and made it difficult to invent new subjects. But there were some advantages about the ancient method, and simplicity of presentation was one. The people who are going to act and speak must be plainly introduced by an author at the beginning of his comedy; and this is especially needful if their characters present piquant peculiarities, or are full of the complicated *nuances* in which we revel to-day. It takes some time to make a preliminary explanation clear, and there is no time to lose. The ancient writers, whether of comedy or tragedy, who introduced none but well-known characters, were relieved, in a great measure, from anxiety on this head. A word sufficed to give the spectator a clue, and even this word was not always necessary; a glance was enough

to reveal the situation. The first glimpse of the bully's abdomen or the captain's red cloak raised a laugh. They were old acquaintances whom one was glad to meet again. Memories were awakened of jibes launched at these amusing folk, and tricks played them in years gone by, of pleasant hours that had sped fast in their company, and the new piece profited by the success of its predecessors.

This order of merit must have been more highly appreciated at Rome than anywhere else. We have seen that the audiences there were usually but slightly predisposed to listen, and would by no means take any great pains to comprehend what they saw. It was exactly what they wanted to see appear upon the stage, familiar figures whom they did not even require to have named. They knew at a glance what these people had done, and suspected what they were going to do. Even if their attention were diverted for a moment by some unforeseen accident, if they were disturbed by the man on the right, or deafened by the woman on the left, it did not signify; the instant their eyes came back to the stage they comprehended the course of the action. And here, I fancy, is one more reason why, with so unruly a public, and such imperfect acoustic properties in the theatre, it was yet possible to follow a piece to the end without any great strain on the faculties, and possible also to understand and be interested in what was only partially heard.

Other points remain to be considered. We have brought our actors forward to the front of the stage: they have made their entrance, these by the door that leads to the city square, those by the one that leads to the country, so that the moment they appear we know whence they come; and since their costume tells us what they are to be, we have accepted them with resignation

before they open their lips. Here they are on the *pulpitum*, face to face with the public, about to perform the piece which the public has come to see. But here we are fain to pause, with our curiosity unsatisfied. Since we cannot, like the Roman audience, witness the representation, we should like to be able to form an exact idea of it; but this is precisely what we find it exceedingly difficult to do. The few paintings on vases which attempt this subject are entirely inadequate. For a clearer conception of the scene we must go elsewhere, and the following is the sum and substance of what we are able to learn.

Among the ancients, as with ourselves, there was a brisk trade in illustrated books. It is said to have been Varro who brought them into fashion. Several specimens of these have luckily been preserved, and among them some manuscripts of Terence adorned with extremely curious drawings,<sup>2</sup> which are, undoubtedly, reproductions of a very ancient original. In the tenth century, when the manuscript thus illustrated was discovered, no one any longer knew either what the conventional costume of the actor had been or how to draw it accurately. These pictures must therefore date back to a period some centuries earlier, and probably to one when the plays of Terence were not yet banished from the boards; and certain details about the figures would never have been suggested by the text, and are doubtless to be accounted for by stage tradition. We may therefore conclude that something of what the Roman audience beheld is preserved in these sketches, and that they help, in so far, to bring the actual scene before our eyes. The characters are all present: recognizable at the first glance by the masks they

<sup>2</sup> I shall speak only of the one in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. There are others at Milan and Rome.

wear. Here are the slave, the *leno*, and the parasite, with their coarse, ugly faces, deep wrinkles and enormous mouths. The others are more respectfully treated. The masks of the youths and the women are more elegant, the features more regular, the lips barely parted. Nor have we isolated characters alone; whole scenes are also represented. The stock incidents of the Roman comedy are set forth upon successive pages: disputes, reconciliations, angry and complaining sons, abusive fathers, lovers quarreling and lovers embracing. But it is always the slave who holds the first place, and we perceive more clearly than ever that he was the soul of ancient comedy. Now we see him with his hand on his chin, pondering some deep rascality; now slipping behind his young master and encouraging him to stand up against the oburgations of his parent, or whispering in his ear some particularly adroit lie. He deceives the old man; he makes game of the bully; he dupes the captain. He is never still for an instant; he throws himself into the most grotesque attitudes; that agile, supple body is so instinct with life and motion that sometimes, by a species of optical illusion, the stiff and grinning mask seems itself to put on different expressions as the situation changes. In short we derive from these ancient drawings an idea that the acting of the olden time was amazingly lively and spirited. There was much motion on the Roman stage, and animated gesticulation—things which a Southern audience always enjoys. Those arms ever uplifted or outstretched; those open hands,—hands that speak, *manus arguta*, as they were then called,—proclaim the birth of the pantomime and the welcome it will receive from the public.

We know, moreover, that there were two kinds of comedy: that which was played with comparative composure

and restraint, and that which admitted of more excitement,—the *stataria* and the *motaria*. And of even the pieces of Terence, which ranked as *stataria*, had to be played with so much vehemence and abandon, how must it have been with those of Plautus?

## VII.

I shall now endeavor to show how it was that Plautus resolved the problem of making himself heard in a vast uncovered space by noisy and indifferent spectators, who had no great natural taste for the entertainment offered them; and by what methods he secured their attention. Some critics have been amazed at his complete success, and it must be owned that a close and careful reading of the plays would seem at times to justify their surprise. One divines a part of the reasons which made him so popular, but there are other circumstances which might, one would think, have utterly prevented his being so. It remains for us to inquire how it was that these unfavorable circumstances interfered so little with his fame.

Among the defects of his pieces I have already noted the very narrow range of his subject. It seems as though audiences must have tired of seeing over and over again the same characters in the same situations. But it is a mistake to suppose that the average public craves novelty. Too much variety disconcerts the majority of people and fails to amuse them. They are like children who much prefer hearing the same story told again and again, and who resent the slightest alteration. It is a curious fact that that comedy which was originally imitated from the Greek ceased to take at Rome from the moment an attempt was made to adapt it to the taste of the learned and refined. The populace much preferred the mime, who was

hampered by no scruples and always presented very nearly the same situations. We have proof that one famous mime, the *Lauriolus*, representing the eternally popular theme of a fight between a robber and a policeman, was played during an entire century. The fact is that the people cared little for a skilful plot, and the taste of Plautus being distinctly popular, he did not care for it either. For him a play is merely a convenient setting to his favorite scenes, which are also those that the public likes best. Given a couple of slaves engaged in a furious quarrel, or heaping abuse upon the *leno* or the captain, and he is quite at home. Such disputes appealed to an audience of Romans with peculiar force, because they represented the very beginnings of their drama. From time immemorial the country folk, after the harvest and the vintage were over, and a sacrifice had been offered to the rustic gods, had been wont to sit round in a circle on the turf "with the breeze in their faces" and listen with delight to a couple of clowns, who teased one another without a trace of real ill-feeling, for the mere pleasure of exercising their wits and diverting their audience. Plautus gave the Romans a sort of old-fashioned entertainment; and we may be quite sure that they were better pleased by these servile disputes, which reminded them of the *opprobria rustica* of the good old days, than they would have been by the most artistically constructed piece with unfamiliar personages and a novel dénouement.

What would seem at first sight a more serious objection to the plays of Plautus is that they were translations from the Greek, and the Romans might have been expected to dislike them as a foreign product, but this again would be an error. The Romans of that period had no literary ambition, and nothing was further from their thoughts

than to envy the fame of Greece in letters and art. All they wanted was to have a play handsomely presented—the best thing of the kind regardless of expense. They had heard that the best comedies came from Athens, as the best wine came from Chios; and Greek plays they would have. Plautus therefore was by no means in the position of ordinary imitators, who have to disguise their plagiarisms. On the contrary, he openly vaunted the origin of his pieces, knowing that it would be regarded as an added attraction.

Yet the obligation of closely imitating a foreign stage involved him in difficulties which it was not always possible to evade. A subject which is popular in one country is not certain to be so in another. In several of the Greek plays, for example, a young girl is supposed to have been violated in the night by some unknown person during the confusion incident to a religious festival; in a good many of the others the interest hinges on unexpected recognitions, as where a father discovers, in some young slave or courtesans of the neighborhood, children of his own who have been stolen by pirates long before. How were such fables made to go down at Rome, where there was the strictest surveillance of temples by the police, or in a country like Italy, far less exposed to the ravages of the sea-robber than the mountainous coasts of Greece and the islands of the Archipelago? One can only explain their easy acceptance by the Roman spectator, on the ground that the plot of a play was, as we have seen, a matter of supreme indifference to him. And, for the rest, the French public of the seventeenth century showed itself hardly more critical in the case of certain dénouements openly adopted by Molière from Latin plays, and none the more probable on that account.

When it comes to the *dramatis per-*

*sonæ*, the difficulty in question is more serious. We recognize figures on the stage only when we have known them in real life, and if they chance to belong to another time and country than our own, and differ from us in temper and opinions, we hardly lay their lessons to heart and are in some danger of failing to be interested in their adventures. It should be remembered, however, that the comedy of Menander, which served as a model to the Romans, had its roots in the Socratic philosophy, and that the school of Socrates, whose main requirement was a thorough knowledge of self, plunged deep into the heart of man and sought the passions at their source, before the every-day intercourse of life and surface interests and relations had clothed them with diverse aspects: that is to say, it studied man as man, in his essential and universal qualities. Poets imbued with such ideas when they turned to dramatic composition had to endow their puppets with those elemental characteristics which are common to all nations. At Rome, as elsewhere, this background of a common humanity was at once perceived and minor details were lightly regarded. Undoubtedly the son of the house was kept more strictly there than in Greece, and stood far more in awe of the *patria potestas*; nevertheless there were enough youths at Rome who kept mistresses, incurred debts and deceived their parents to make the young *débauchés* of Athens quite comprehensible. Undoubtedly, too, the Romans were, as a rule, harsh toward their slaves; and they must have been surprised to see how gentle the Greeks often were towards theirs, and how much they cared for them. Yet all the masters were not as hard as old Cato, and it was even said that there were houses where the slaves ruled. When, however, Plautus begins to suspect that he may have scandalized the

free citizen too far by allowing his slaves to get the better of him, he extricates himself from the dilemma by saying, "Please to remember that we are at Athens, and that such things are allowed there," thereby apparently implying that the audience had forgotten it was not at Rome. There is only one of the stock characters in the comedy for whom it was difficult to find a parallel in Roman society. I refer to the captain, or *condottiere*, who, having raised a company of vagabonds and sold it to some kinglet in Asia, returned to Athens, to squander his gains in the company of prostitutes and parasites. Rome knew not this kind of mercenary soldier; and it is perhaps because the poets who introduced them on the stage were unacquainted with the original, and had only their fancy to guide them, that they went to extremes and produced a caricature rather than a portrait. And yet it may be that I go too far in claiming for Rome a complete immunity from such characters as Thrason and Pyrgopolinice. A careful search would no doubt have revealed boastful centurions who loved to brag of their exploits in Africa, especially before the ladies; men whose comparative peccadillos rendered it easier for the public to understand the monstrous absurdities of the others.

Upon the whole we may conclude that there was enough of general human verity about the characters in the Greek comedy to render them plausible upon the Roman stage, and that even if Plautus had reproduced them exactly, they would have been recognized and their adventures found amusing.

But he did better than this. He kept the original groundwork of the character, but he managed, by countless modifications of detail, to make it more than half Roman. He did not quite intend, or even know, what he was do-



ing: he honestly believed that he had changed nothing; but though he claims in one place to have "brought Athens to Rome without the help of an architect," and says in another, "We are in Ætolia," it is quite evident after all that a place where there is talk of the Forum and the Contio, of Ædiles and "prætors," of the "Porta Trigemina" and the merchants of the velabrum, is not Greece. These are trifles, but there are more radical changes. Plautus was not a sufficiently accomplished critic; he was not self-detached enough to see the authors whom he copied exactly as they were. Their creations appeared to him essentially the same sort of beings as he himself knew, and quite unconsciously he draws the men whom he sees about him. He is thus original without suspecting it, and this is ever the best kind of originality. It is not that the characters in the play always profit by his alterations. His first step is usually to cover them with a layer of coarseness. The fastidious critics of a later day, enamored of the art of Greece, will resent the liberties taken by Plautus, and will sigh for the graceful young aristocrats and eloquent professional talkers of Menander. But Plautus' own public liked them, as they were presented by him; and some of them do indeed stand forth from his pages with startling reality. Take the *leno* for example. How can one ever forget that amazing creature, Ballio, so brutal, so frankly cynical, and the impudent advice which he bestows, at parting, upon his flock of women in the *Pseudolus*? Then there is another stock-character, whom we are wont to associate with a later period, and hardly expect to encounter in the time of the Punic wars, namely, the banker. We are inclined to fancy that the money question is an invention of our own age, but apparently

it was as great a nuisance among the Romans as among ourselves, and that from a very early period. One of Plautus' characters ventures the statement that any girl, no matter what her reputation, can be married if only she have a large enough *dot*; and another on whom men had turned their backs when he was poor, but who sees all hands cordially extended the moment he becomes rich, exclaims:

"*Videte, quæso, quid possit pecunia!*"

Where money is thus powerful the bankers must needs be people of importance; and Plautus, who doubtless had dealings with them while he was engaged in business, has little good to say of them. He openly calls them thieves, and says that their infallible method of getting rich is to take other people's money and not give it back. When one asks to have his loan returned, the banker either runs away, "quicker than a hare slips through an open gate," or, if he be of a bolder temper, he falls upon the depositor with his fists.

These worthies were all familiar figures, and the Roman public gave them a hearty welcome. Their Greek origin did not matter so long as the men who sported the *pallium* were perceived to be the same as those who wore the toga, and the plays thus adapted, both to the exigences of the ancient theatre and the taste of the spectators, were certain of a triumphant success. Nor were they applauded on their first presentation merely, but even when the Romans had their Terence and their Cæcilius, the populace fondly remembered the old plays and liked having them reproduced; and fifty years after the death of Plautus, a manager who undertook to bring them out would do so with the confident remark that they were "like old wine: all the better for keeping."



## THAT TERRIBLE QUIDNUNC.

### A CRICKET STORY.

#### I.

"And Charlie Thompson says one of them is a Quidnunc."

This announcement, which was clearly intended to be the culminating feature of a sensational narrative, was followed by a melancholy silence. Evelyn and Nelly were appalled by its mystery, for they had no idea what a Quidnunc meant. Adoring sisters that they were, it was enough for them that their brother had spoken the word with a gloomy emphasis. Uncle Dennis whistled with surprise, and said, "By Jove! that's serious."

There was a conclave gathered under the chestnut tree on the lawn at Southleigh Hall, one August morning. Percy Heywood, the sixteen-year-old squire of the village, was leaning against the trunk frowning the angry frown of petted youth. Evelyn, his elder sister, and Nelly, his junior by a year or two, lay on the turf at his feet regarding him with mournful sympathy, while his uncle, Captain Chaloner, sat on a deck chair with a straw hat tilted over his eyes and a pipe in his mouth. The pervading atmosphere was one of extreme depression.

"A Quidnunc—what's that?" asked Nelly.

"Every one knows," replied Percy crossly, having learnt the fact himself about an hour ago. "It's a crack Cambridge club, and you can't get into it without being very good."

"A Quidnunc!" said Uncle Dennis. "We can't stand many Quidnuncs on the other side. Their form's a bit above ours."

The important cricket match between the villages of Southleigh and

Endover was under discussion. It is a contest of old standing and is fought out with bitter rivalry, being, indeed, quite the event of the season in the neighborhood. For three previous years Endover had been victorious, but Southleigh considered their own prospects brighter this summer than they had been for some time. The match was to be played on their ground, and they were noisily sanguine as to the result.

Several causes led to this hopeful view. The chief thing was that the new Southleigh curate, Mr. Sparks, still possessed some shreds of an old college reputation as a fast bowler. He was not a good bowler, it is true, but he was very fast and sometimes got one straight. Rustic opponents, appalled by his pace, fell before him like nine-pins, and his name was one of dread to the surrounding cricket clubs. Again, Percy Heywood had come on greatly in the last twelve months, having got his second eleven colors at his public school. He had carried out his bat for fifteen against the County Asylum a few days ago, and the villagers, ever ready to chant his praises, esteemed his assistance very valuable.

Endover had not been equally fortunate. Their great bowler, a rat-catcher with lax views about the game laws, had been unluckily detected in the act of catching rabbits in mistake for rats, and had been obliged to give up his cricket in the height of the season. His absence made a great gap in the side, and it set the tongues of the Southleigh villagers wagging, perhaps too freely, about the revenge they proposed to take upon their rivals.

Suddenly, and here comes the un-

lucky part, a disturbing rumor began to make itself heard. It was reported that a couple of Cambridge undergraduates, in selecting a place for some quiet reading in the vacation, had pitched upon the secluded little village of Endover. They took rooms at the "Bull" Inn, and when it was understood that they were fond of cricket they were elected, without hesitation or even a request for a subscription, members of the Endover cricket club, on the understanding that they would appear against Southleigh. It would not have mattered had they been indifferent cricketers, but the worst of it was that a vague notion gained ground that they were extremely good. This had been to some extent confirmed by Charlie Thompson, son of the Vicar of Endover, who had explained with mysterious and malicious grins that one of them was a renowned batsman and a member of the Endover cricket club.

There was no question about their qualification. Last summer Percy's tutor had played for Southleigh. He had only made two and had missed several catches, so that he was no manner of use. But the evil that he had done lived after him, and young Thompson was not slow to fling this unfortunate precedent into Percy's teeth in reply to the latter's indignant protest against playing outsiders.

The Southleigh yokels did not mind very much. To their limited experience the presence of one or two strange cricketers made little or no difference. Roughly speaking, they did not believe in the prowess of any cricketer whom they had never seen before, and the new curate was, in their opinion, able to bowl out anybody. But Percy Heywood, with more cosmopolitan views, knew better, and made no secret at all in his own family circle of his uneasiness.

"We should have beaten them easily," he said; "and now as likely as not

they will beat us. I do call it utter rot."

"Well," said Uncle Dennis, stretching himself more comfortably in his chair, "let me hear more about this, Percy. Did you hear the names of these men?"

"Yes; they are two cousins called Raleigh, and there *was* a Raleigh in the Cambridge eleven this year."

"So that thus far the story bears the stamp of truth," said his uncle. "It is really rather awkward."

"It is most awkward," admitted Evelyn. "After all our boasting it would be dreadful to be beaten."

"At any rate," put in Nelly, "only one of them is good."

"Both *may* be good," corrected her brother, "and we know that one of them is very good."

"Can't we do anything," asked Nelly desperately, "to stop this Quidnunc, or whatever he is, playing?"

"Couldn't you get your mother to invite him to dinner?" suggested Captain Chaloner. "I'm all against poisoning as a general thing, but any coroner would bring this in as justifiable homicide, I feel convinced."

"Now you are fooling, Uncle Dennis," said Percy severely, "and it is no joking matter, I can tell you. This Cambridge idiot makes all the difference to our chances."

"Well, Percy," said his uncle, "I shall expect you to roam about all Friday night under the yew trees, as Lord Clive did on a famous occasion, and then utterly rout the foe the next day."

"It wouldn't be very good for my eye," said Percy. "However," he added, with unusual modesty, "I shall get a duck anyhow."

"Oh, no, Percy," put in Evelyn enthusiastically; "think how well you played last Saturday."

This kindly compliment roused the young squire's ill-humor in a moment. "What bosh you girls talk!" he re-

marked politely. "That's the worst of girls. When it comes to a cricket match they are no use at all."

His sisters held down their heads at this just rebuke, but Uncle Dennis controverted it with unusual earnestness.

"That polite statement is not borne out by history," he said. "You entirely underrate the value of feminine assistance in a crisis like this. Why," he added, slapping his knee, "you have put into my head the very idea we wanted. There's Evelyn looking her best this morning. What human being—and even first-class cricketers have some of the weaknesses of humanity—could resist satisfying her lightest wish? Raleigh is the name of our enemy, and it has a courtly sound about it. No Raleigh could resist beauty in distress."

"What are you talking about?" asked Percy in some astonishment.

"Talking about, indeed! Why, here is the solution of the riddle. Given a garden party—and you are going to one this afternoon, my fascinating niece, eh?"

"I am," said Evelyn, laughing. "To Lady Parker's."

"Only a mile off Endover. There you encounter Mr. Raleigh. He is certain to be there. I picture it all. You treat him in your most charming manner, and, having thoroughly bewitched him, entreat him by all his vows of undying affection to betray the cause of Endover on Saturday. Promise to pour out tea for him after the match, on condition he gets out during the first over, and I warrant he does his utmost to merit the reward."

"Well, if that's all you can suggest," grumbled Percy, "that Evy should go and make eyes at this Cambridge chap—"

"My good boy," interrupted his uncle, "my plan may be rather a wild one, but you don't seem to have one to

offer at all. Evelyn is the sheet anchor of our hopes."

## II.

"Let me introduce you to Miss Heywood," said Lady Parker, bustling across the lawn with one of her guests, "and then you will perhaps get up a game of croquet. Evelyn, my dear, this is Mr. Raleigh."

Evelyn, who was talking to a friend of hers, turned round with a start at the mention of the name. Here were the opening conditions of her uncle's prophecy fulfilled already. Here, no doubt, was the terrible Quidnunc delivered over to her charms. The white parasol she was holding trembled in her hand as she realized what momentous issues might hang upon this meeting. The fortunes of Southleigh were hers to make or mar. Opposite to her stood a tall young man bowing politely. He had an amiable face, with light eyes and some fair down serving him for a moustache. The unkind observer might possibly have compared his appearance to that of a newly hatched chicken of the buff Orpington variety. He looked a little unfledged and unfinished, especially about his half-opened mouth, while at the same time there showed itself in his manner an easy self-satisfaction as of one who is an assured social success.

Miss Heywood arrived quickly at two conclusions. Firstly, this was obviously the great cricketer, and, secondly, his face of blameless innocence suggested to her practised eye that some measure of conquest was not beyond the range of her powers of fascination. She decided at once to carry out her duty to her brother and the village cricket team.

"I have heard of you before, Mr. Raleigh," she began, plunging into the fray with a compliment. "Your reputation as a cricketer has gone before you. I live at Southleigh, you know, and we are in terror about your play-

ing us next Saturday for Endover. We think we have no chance."

"Ah, Southleigh is the name, is it?" said Mr. Raleigh, who spoke with a kind of lisp in his voice as if he were holding in his upper lip. "I heard there was some match on, and my cousin Peter and I were asked to play. One is glad to do anything, for there doesn't seem much goin' on."

"You should have come to Southleigh," Miss Heywood said, beaming sweetly on him, as they strolled over the grass. "It is a delightful village."

"It must be, I am sure," assented Mr. Raleigh, with becoming condescension. He was thinking how attractive this young lady was, and how pleasantly disposed she seemed to be. So far as he could see she was the beauty of the occasion, and he felt that in accordance with his invariable custom he was getting on capitally.

"And your cousin," asked Evelyn, "is he here?"

"Somewhere about," said Mr. Raleigh, indifferently. "This kind o' thing ain't much in Peter's line; he didn't want to come, but I fetched him along. He don't shine much on occasions like this."

"Whereas you enjoy yourself in society?"

"Pretty well," he admitted. "One must have something to do after reading in' all morning."

Evelyn, a little uneasy about Peter, glanced at her companion to reassure herself. Surely that well-fitting Norfolk jacket testified to athletics; surely that parti-colored tie betrayed the cricketer. There could be no mistake.

Their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by Lady Parker's voice from behind. "Now, you two young people," she cried, "you must start the croquet. But, Mr. Raleigh, where is your cousin? I have not seen him for the last half-hour, and I want him to play too."

At this moment there was a yell of

delight from the laurel bushes that skirted the lawn, and a small boy burst out clapping his hands and shrieking with excitement.

"Jack, my darling child," called out Lady Parker, "you'll have a sunstroke if you rush about like this; besides, look at your suit—" and she dusted him superficially.

"Oh, it's such fun, mother," said Jack. "We are trappers, and Mr. Raleigh is an Indian. I do believe he has caught Clement just behind the arbor, and he is going to cook and eat him. I must go and see; it will be such fun."

"It sounds great fun," said Lady Parker, "especially for Clement. But will you tell Mr. Raleigh I want him? Say there will be tea in half an hour, and beg him to spare Clement. If he is very hungry he may have a piece of cake."

"And afterwards," panted the child, "Mr. Raleigh is perhaps going to be a lion, and we shall have to light a fire to keep him off. Lions won't face fire, he says."

With that he trotted away to face the perils of the shrubberies, and Lady Parker crossed over to the place where Miss Heywood and Mr. Raleigh were standing.

"It is so good of your cousin to play with the boys," she said, "and I declare he seems quite to enjoy it."

"Ah, that's Peter all over," said the young man, tolerantly. "Give him some children to humbug about with and he is as happy as possible."

"I hope he won't mind playing croquet," his hostess observed.

"Not he," answered Raleigh. "He'll always do anything he's asked."

As they spoke the object of their remarks drew near, coming down the garden path. Either hand grasped the moist fingers of the small scions of the house of Parker, and it was clear that they were busily plotting some further great game.

The second Mr. Raleigh was shorter in stature, and altogether less distinguished in exterior than his cousin. Evelyn, surveying him with suspicion, saw no suggestion of a celebrity about his old cloth cap and general untidiness. It is true his shoulders were square and his build muscular, but he sported no gay colors or striped ribbons. There could be no comparison between the two strangers, and the siren of Southleigh turned with a sigh of relieved uncertainty towards her companion. Her duty appeared more definite than ever.

"Do let me play with you," she said to him in a delightfully confidential whisper. "I know you are far the best."

Mr. Raleigh seemed to like it laid on thick, for he smiled with much satisfaction as he vaguely disclaimed the superiority attributed to him.

"Now," said Lady Parker, "I will get Grace Ommaney, and that will make up your four."

And she returned in a few minutes with the lady in question, who timidly protested that she was a very poor croquet player.

"That's all right," said Peter, "because I am about as bad as they are made."

"Then," Lady Parker said, little knowing with what important issues she was interfering, "you shall play on the same side as Miss Heywood, for I know she is extremely good."

"Very well," said Peter, obediently.

But this arrangement did not, as may be supposed, suit the views of Miss Heywood. "If it's all the same," she put in, smiling sweetly, "I think this Mr. Raleigh and I will play together." And she indicated Peter's cousin with the handle of her mallet.

Their good-natured hostess seemed slightly surprised, and Peter looked rather blank at this, but the other Mr. Raleigh settled the point by saying,

"Come on, Miss Heywood. Do we decide who is red and who is blue by tossin' or how?" With that he knocked the balls to the starting-place, and all the preliminaries appeared to be settled.

The game itself was not very keenly contested. Miss Heywood was found so often in earnest and private confabulation with her partner that their tactics at least must have been fully discussed, while Miss Ommaney and Peter, justifying their own modest estimate of their abilities, were outclassed from the first, and soon dropped behind.

Indeed, the match was so one-sided as eventually to become rather dull, and to the losers at any rate the end came as a relief. Miss Heywood indulged in lavish praise of her partner's abilities throughout, praise which, to some extent, was merited, for he played with undoubted skill, confirming her impression of his all-round excellence.

"And now," she said, when the game was over, "let us celebrate our victory with some tea. I am sure we deserve it, for we got on so well together."

They walked off towards the drawing-room, Mr. Raleigh beside himself with gratification, and Evelyn secretly wondering how best she might approach the topic of Saturday's match, and prevail upon the champion of Endover either to withdraw his support altogether from the cause of his adopted village, or else, if that were impossible, to work as little damage as might be to Southleigh. Behind came Miss Ommaney and Peter, the latter very much put to it for appropriate remarks, and humbly wishing, as he contemplated the friendly couple in front, that he was better at this game, by which he meant talking to the opposite sex.

When tea was over Evelyn lured her victim to an unfrequented part of the garden, where, in the cavity of a pon-

derous yew hedge, a garden seat seemed especially adapted for whispers of a tender nature.

"I am sure you want to smoke, Mr. Raleigh," she said, "and I shall neither object nor betray you. It is pleasant to be so far away from the crowd of people, isn't it?"

"Very pleasant," assented Mr. Raleigh, producing his cigarette case. He felt in a general kind of way that, to adopt his own phrase, he was going it a bit, but at the same time he perhaps appreciated the spectacular value of being seen in Miss Heywood's company more highly than the intellectual exertion of a private interview with her.

A few diplomatic remarks brought the conversation round to cricket. "I suppose you mean to make a huge score for Endover on Saturday," said Miss Heywood with assumed calmness. "We are, as I told you, dreadfully frightened of you."

"Oh, I don't know," he answered. "These village matches, you know, are uncertain things. The wicket plays funny and one gets out before one knows where one is."

"My brother Percy is going to play for Southleigh."

"Ah! Is he any good? Does he bowl?"

"No; but he bats pretty well, I believe," said Evelyn. "Please don't bowl him out."

"I'm not likely to be put on," he replied, "so I can promise that."

There was a short pause and then Evelyn sighed heavily.

"Though I shall look forward to seeing you on Saturday," she said, "I really almost wish you were not going to play. It is hard on us."

"I suppose we are booked for it," he replied; "you see, Peter—"

"Oh, don't bring in your cousin," cried Miss Heywood. "It is you we are afraid of."

This view of the case was very flat-

tering to Mr. Raleigh, and he smiled benignly at the enchantress beside him.

"I hope you will get out first ball," she said, with an affectation of airiness. "Will you, to please me?" she added with a tender emphasis.

"Oh, I say," Mr. Raleigh answered, "that ain't fair on me, askin' me to give the show away. You had better speak to Peter—"

"Bother Peter!" she exclaimed, blind in her eagerness to the hints which he showered upon her. "He doesn't signify."

"Doesn't he?" thought Mr. Raleigh, as he turned the matter over in his own mind, conscious that the bright eyes of Miss Heywood were fixed upon him. This young lady appeared to rate his cricket abilities so favorably that it would be bad taste to contradict her. On the whole, his dazzled intellect found her proposal not an unpleasant one, for here gallantry pointed out a way in which failure itself might be readily explained. A considerable score against Southleigh would mean a highminded and incorruptible spirit; a trivial one would be set down, in one quarter at least, to courteous goodnature.

"You can't think," she went on, "how anxious my brother Percy is about the match. I do hope he makes a good many runs."

"So do I, I'm sure," Mr. Raleigh declared cordially, and he put in with an approach to sentiment, "provided it gives you pleasure," tittering rather nervously as he spoke.

At this moment there was a disturbance in the yew hedge, and one of Lady Parker's sons plunged out from its black and dusty depths. The interruption was inconvenient, for Evelyn was scarcely confident yet of the Quidnunc's allegiance.

"Look here," said the boy, "this will be great fun. I'll hide here behind the



hedge. They'll never think of looking here. Isn't it fun?" he repeated, shaking with amusement, and regarding the incident purely from his own point of view. At the same time he crouched down behind the garden seat. "You go on talking, and then they won't notice," he suggested.

Time was short, and Evelyn endeavored to carry on her strategy as if no little urchin were curled up in her neighborhood.

"You will not forget what I have said," she continued gently.

"Cuckoo!" cried the concealed boy in a piping voice.

"We can't go on talkin'," said Mr. Raleigh; "at least not very well."

"Do you see them coming?" asked a voice from behind the seat, "or shall I call again?"

This necessity was obviated by the sound of steps on the gravel, and then Peter came up peering about with well-feigned nervousness. Catching a glimpse of the hidden Jack he called out, "I spy Jack," and started off at a brisk run. Out darted Jack from his retreat and caught Peter in about ten yards, though Peter's exertions conveyed the impression that he was running furiously hard.

The spell seemed to be broken between the two spectators of this amusement. "We ought to be step-pin', Peter," Mr. Raleigh shouted to his cousin. "I'm sure you've fooled about enough with those kids."

Peter assented, and Evelyn suddenly remembered that her mother had ordered the carriage at a quarter to six, so they returned to the house.

"The time has passed so quickly," she said, shaking Mr. Raleigh's hand. "But you will remember. I shall see you on Saturday. Good-bye." And with a slight bow to Peter she got into the carriage.

"You made great friends with that young Cambridge man," observed her

mother proudly. "That is the great cricketer, no doubt."

Evelyn's expression was weary but triumphant. "I hope so," she said, with a satisfied sigh.

### III.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the Endover match a considerable crowd of onlookers had collected in the meadow which forms the Southleigh cricket ground. The little hut of corrugated zinc, where the scorer sat, was crowded to suffocation with the home team making some not very elaborate alterations in their attire. Out in the open the curate was ostentatiously practising, hitting ridiculously high and bowling absurdly fast. Beneath the hedge which divided the field from the Hall plantations, the Heywood party were gathered on rugs and campstools.

Needless to say Evelyn had detailed her garden-party escapade to confidential ears, and it had been hailed as a great stroke by her uncle and Nelly, though Percy, with fraternal want of appreciation, was sceptical about its success.

"There they are!" cried Nelly, as the Endover men came through the gate.

"And there's Mr. Raleigh," said Evelyn. "My Mr. Raleigh. I wonder if he will come across and speak to us."

The other three gazed in awe at the gentleman referred to. He looked very impressive with his big yellow cricket bag, his spotlessly white boots, and his gay colors, in cap, coat, ribbon, and sash, all complete. He was not long in noticing the Hall circle and in joining them.

"How are you?" he said to Miss Heywood. "Jolly afternoon, ain't it?"

Evelyn introduced him to Captain Chaloner, her brother and younger sister having at that moment left their places in order to inspect their oppo-

nents more closely, and he made himself very much at home on Percy's campstool.

"Well, you've begun well," he remarked genially; "won the toss, I hear."

"Southleigh," said Uncle Dennis politely, "will get an innings anyhow."

"We've nothin' of a side, you know," explained Mr. Raleigh. "If Peter and I get out," he continued with innocent egotism, "the rest ain't worth twenty runs between 'em."

"If you get out," said Evelyn. "That 'if' makes all the difference. But remember, Mr. Raleigh, no tea for any one who gets a hundred for Endover."

"I'll qualify for tea all right," he said, rising and throwing away his cigarette. "I thought I'd leave my coat here, if you don't mind."

"I'll look after it," said Miss Heywood, and the gray eyes of Uncle Dennis twinkled approval.

"You're a wonder, Evy," he remarked. "If he's the right man we ought to win."

"Evelyn's Raleigh must be the good one," declared Percy, who presently rejoined them, "because we have seen the other one—he's wearing a shabby cloth cap."

"And an old pair of tennis shoes," sniffed Nelly.

"And he hasn't even got a bat or pads," added her brother.

"The other one is dressed for the part, anyhow," said Captain Chaloner. "He's got all the colors of the rainbow with him."

The Southleigh men were evidently on their mettle, and their batting began in promising fashion. The Endover bowling was poor, the ratcatcher being much missed, and there were only four wickets down when fifty was hoisted on the telegraph board. The Messrs. Raleigh, on whom eager eyes were fixed, did nothing at all. Peter was at long slip and long on, and

moved moodily about among the thistles. His cousin placed himself at point, where he talked a good deal, issuing unofficial directions to his colleagues and giving advice in a fatherly tone to the batsmen.

Percy, who was in seventh, stayed for about twenty minutes, and got eleven runs, chiefly in the slips and to leg. The last wicket fell for one hundred and one, which was generally voted an enormous total. The Southleigh adherents were jubilant, and those of Endover despondent and silent.

Between the innings Peter was brought across by Percy, who was in a friendly frame of mind. Though insignificant compared to his cousin, the Heywood party took rather a fancy to Peter's honest face and simple manners. Besides, secure in the expectation of victory, they were magnanimously inclined.

The magnificent Mr. Raleigh had, it transpired, settled the order of going in, and had put himself down first with the Endover schoolmaster, who was renowned for his cautious method of batting. A concession to indigenous talent caused him to put three natives of Endover in next, and then came Peter. Before the second phase of the struggle began Evelyn's hero talked with her a few moments underneath the hedge. He was padded and gloved for the conflict, and appeared the picture of confidence.

"Now, if I get out," he said, "you will know the reason."

"And appreciate it," she replied, complimentary to the last.

Meanwhile, some little distance away, Peter was unconsciously filling Uncle Dennis with sad misgivings.

"To look at him," he said, nodding his head towards his cousin, who was making a series of preliminary strokes at the air, "you might think he was some good."

"And isn't he?"

"He's very good," said Peter laughing, "until the ball comes. And then—well, he doesn't hit it as often as some people do. It's a detail, of course, but still it's a useful knack."

"The choicest schemes of mice and men," said Uncle Dennis to himself regretfully.

"They are going out to field," observed Peter. "I must borrow a bat."

The curate started the bowling down hill, and the Endover schoolmaster snicked his second ball for a single. Then followed one of the sensations of the match. His third delivery flew past Mr. Raleigh's sticks, and the next knocked his off-stump out of the ground.

There was a roar of Southleigh applause. Evelyn and Nelly both clapped hysterically, and their example was followed, though more soberly, by their uncle. The defeated giant hid himself in the pavillion, but Peter, undismayed by the calamity that had overtaken his side, walked round the field.

"I've got the curate's pads," he announced, "an Endover club glove, and, best of all, the butcher boy's bat. I hear it is a famous weapon, mellowed with age. Isn't it a rich color?" and he held it out for their inspection. "Look at the silver plate on the back. I never played with a bat with a silver plate on before."

"Oh, there's another man out," cried Evelyn, as a second wicket fell. "Well bowled, Mr. Sparks!"

The curate was in exceptional form. He took a long run and slung the ball in as fast as possible, careless as to its length and direction. The early dismissal of Mr. Raleigh had inspirited him, and none of the Endover men could touch him. The next batsman was bowled first ball with a full pitch; he had retreated somewhere to short leg, and gazed moodily at his disturbed wicket from that discreet distance.

"That parson's a terror," said Peter; and then added pensively, "he wants hitting."

Evelyn and Nelly smiled scornfully, but Captain Chaloner, to whom the truth was all too obvious, asked Peter, with what seemed unnecessary earnestness, whether he liked fast bowling. As for the two girls, they thought it absurd to treat a cricketer seriously who had to borrow a bat from the butcher's boy.

"Oh, I don't know," Peter answered; "all sorts look pretty difficult when you're waiting to go in. There's another sportsman gone!" he cried, as the curate shot another stump out. "And it's me to get the parson. Good gracious!"

Four wickets for seven runs was the dismal total as Peter stepped to the wickets, and took guard with a foolish unconcern about the gravity of the position. He began by playing the curate's first ball off his legs for two, and he hit the last ball of the over on the off side for a single, running with a promptness and decision that was slightly discomposing. The national schoolmaster meanwhile was plodding on steadily, having tremendously narrow shaves but not getting out.

Twenty went up in a painfully short time, and Peter faced the curate again. A rank half-volley was driven with astounding violence against the palings at the end of the ground, while amid general excitement the redoubtable Peter lifted the next clean on to the roof of the little pavillion, upon which the ball fell with a sounding thump. Mr. Sparks resorted to the customary expedient of pitching the next very short, and Peter, turning round, hit it hard and high on the leg side into the branches of an adjacent oak tree. A knot of supporters of Endover began to chuckle and cheer with reviving hope.

The other Mr. Raleigh now ventured

out of his seclusion and sought Miss Heywood's side. But he scarcely found the favor in her eyes to which his heroic self-sacrifice in the opening over had entitled him. Evelyn was biting her lips angrily, and she looked upon him with a manifestly reduced enthusiasm.

"This is one of Peter's good days," he said to the company in general.

"It looks like a very good day," replied Captain Chaloner. "He *has* good days, then?"

"Yes, and on his good days there isn't a better bat to watch in England," continued Mr. Raleigh, apparently quite ignorant of the sensation he was causing.

"Well," said Uncle Dennis, "I shall have these girls flying down my throat, but I must say we don't often see cricket like this."

"Rum chap, Peter," Mr. Raleigh said reflectively. "He doesn't like cricket."

"Then I wish to goodness he wouldn't play," said Nelly viciously. "That's fifty up and Mr. Peter has got thirty-nine."

"Nobody would think he was any use at all to look at him," the young man went on. "He never talks cricket either—but on his good days—"

"As you said before," snapped Evelyn, "he is very good."

Mr. Raleigh gazed at her in mild astonishment, having happily no inkling of the vexation that was tormenting her spirit.

"Well," he protested, "I did my best for you, Miss Heywood, eh?"

"Yes," said Captain Chaloner hastily, "and she is very much obliged to you. You will come in and have tea?"

"They only want thirty-five more," Nelly said dolefully.

As she spoke the national schoolmaster succumbed to an easy catch in the slips. He had only made nine runs, but his contribution was valuable, out of all proportion to its size. Peter had

meanwhile grievously injured the venerable bat which he had borrowed, and an Endover man, wreathed in smiles, carried out to him another, a pale new weapon. It proved, however, quite as efficacious as the discarded one, and Peter wielded it with as much vigor as ever.

"If we could only get him out," groaned Nelly, "we might beat them yet." But unfortunately the thing was not to be, and Peter, to whom all the bowling seemed to come alike, soon made the winning hit, a huge drive out of the ground. "Biggest 'it as hiver Ol saw," was the Southleigh umpire's comment.

"Well, now it's all over I shall go," Evelyn exclaimed, rising from her seat. "I call it a horrid shame."

"I'll bring Mr. Raleigh, or rather both of them, in to tea," said Uncle Dennis.

The Endover total reached one hundred and forty-two, and the despised Peter made one hundred and one before he was neatly caught by Percy Heywood in the slips.

Perhaps Uncle Dennis may have spoken a word in season to his young relatives, or perhaps Peter's own modesty rendered his success less bitter. Anyhow, Percy forgot his sorrow in admiration of so great an expert, and Nelly stared in open-eyed astonishment at him. Even Miss Heywood gave him tea, and unbent to some degree of graciousness. But nothing would induce him to talk about his innings except to congratulate Percy on catching him. He seemed to look on this as the most brilliant feat of the day.

"I never thought you would have reached it," he said. "I call it a thundering good catch. I got out just like that against the Australlians this year."

"Did you get many?" they asked, awestruck and respectful.

"Ninety-four," said Peter. "I had a bit of luck, though," he added, "for

they said I was out, caught at the wicket, when I'd got ten?"

"It was one of your good days," said Evelyn, smiling demurely. "Do you like sugar?"

Talking over the match in the evening, Uncle Dennis delivered himself of

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the following sentiment: "If ever the same position occurs again," he said, "we must remember that indifferent cricketers make themselves agreeable to the ladies; first-class ones play with the children. It is a suggestive conclusion somehow."

*Alfred Cochrane.*

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### THE TRUE POET OF IMPERIALISM.

The rapid development of Imperialist sentiment in our time is one of the most notable incidents of recent history, following, as it does, on a period so sterile in Imperial ideas. In 1841 Sir Robert Peel was willing to let Upper and Lower Canada go their own ways. In 1852 Lord Beaconsfield was restive under "those wretched Colonies." In 1870 Mr. Froude, writing to Mr. John Skelton, alluded to "G. & Co." (meaning Mr. Gladstone) as desirous of seeing the Colonies go into separate political life. In 1873 *The Times* advised the Canadians to take up their freedom, as "the days of their apprenticeship were over." The late Mr. Forster was the first to make head against this policy; it was he who first gave an authoritative voice to the arguments in favor of retaining the Colonies, of uniting them, and of promoting an Imperial Federation. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the movement for Federation, the name of Mr. Forster must retain the place of honor as the first serious promoter of an ambitious and splendid imperialistic scheme.

But the Imperialist sentiment is not due wholly to statesmen; the poets also have a claim upon our recognition. At present it is somewhat the fashion to attribute the sudden precipitation of patriotic feeling to Mr. Kipling. No

one will grudge him his full measure of credit, or doubt that he has before him a desirable and memorable career as an exponent of British sentiment. But at the same time no one can have read Lord Tennyson's biography without recognizing that he held strong Imperialist views in the days when those views were not popular; and taking the biography and the poems together we may easily find in both a splendid body of patriotic policy expressed in noble verse.

The series of Imperialist poems began in 1852, when the outbreak of French petulance produced an equal outbreak of patriotic fervor on the side of England. Tennyson, with his usual historical impulse, sang strongly:

We were the best of marksmen long ago,  
We won old battles with our strength the bow;  
Now practice, yeomen,  
Like those bowmen  
Till your balls fly as their true shafts have flown.  
Yeomen, guard your own.

And curiously enough in his other contemporary patriotic song he struck that note of friendly feeling for America, the echoes of which have never quite ceased to vibrate, and which have so notably awakened in our own present time:

Gigantic daughter of the West,  
 We drink to thee across the flood,  
 We know thee most, we love thee best,  
 For art thou not of British blood?  
 Should war's mad blast again be  
     blown,  
 Permit not thou the tyrant Powers  
 To fight thy mother here alone,  
 But let thy broadsides roar with  
     ours.  
 Hands all round,  
 God the tyrant's cause confound,  
 To our great kinsmen of the West, my  
     friends,  
 And the great name of England round  
     and round.

There may, perhaps, be some reasonable doubt about the permanence of any policy of alliance with a nation which has little unity of popular sentiment, and which for political purposes is influenced, if not dominated, by a foreign and varied vote; but in the main the mass of purely American people is friendly to Great Britain; and the appeal of Tennyson, still read in the homes and ringing in the ears of Americans, will not in the end be forgotten and will not, in due time, have been in vain.

Against the Napoleonic *régime*, at its beginning at least, Tennyson, in common with most of the literary class, was strongly hostile, and his poem entitled "The Third of February, 1852," contains vigorous and stately denunciation as well as lofty appeals to the historic passion of England:

As long as we remain, we must speak  
     free,  
 Tho' all the storm of Europe on us  
     break;  
 No little German state are we,  
 But the one voice of Europe: *we must*  
     speak;  
 That if to-night our greatness were  
     struck dead,  
 There might be left some record of the  
     things we said.

That is a splendid presentation of the consciousness of National greatness and dignity; no poet of our time has

presented the same idea with the same strength and charm. When the poet turns in his mood, from self-assertion to challenge and denunciation, his language is equally lofty. The French Emperor is in question:

Shall we fear *him*? Our own we never  
     feared.  
 From our first Charles by force we  
     wrong our claims.  
 Pricked by the Papal spur, we rear'd,  
 We flung the burthen of the second  
     James.  
 I say, we *never* feared! And as for  
     these,  
 We broke them on the land, we drove  
     them on the seas.

The peremptory vigor and natural pride of these two concluding lines have never been equalled in our time, have never been surpassed in any time; and we are not assuming too much when we say that the feelings they express are always very near the lips and hands of English-speaking men in all parts of the world.

It was not alone to the passion and pride of his fellow-countrymen that Tennyson appealed; he never ignored the National conscience. Long before the more recent refrain of "Lest We Forget" had become familiar to our ears, Tennyson had given forth this note of warning and exhortation:

A people's voice! we are a people yet.  
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams  
     forget,  
 Confused by brainless mobs and law-  
     less Powers;  
 Thank Him who isled us here, and  
     roughly set  
 His Saxon in blown seas and storming  
     showers,  
 We have a voice, with which to pay  
     the debt  
 Of boundless love and reverence and  
     regret  
 To those great men who fought and  
     kept it ours.  
 And keep it ours, oh God, from brute  
     control;  
 Oh statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,  
     the soul



Of Europe, keep our noble England  
whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom  
sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient  
throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there  
springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate  
kings;  
For, saving that, ye help to save man-  
kind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into  
dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march  
of mind,  
Till crowds at length be sane and  
crowns be just.

That is at once an appeal to the National conscience and to the National reason. It was written long before the author of "Recessional" was born. While we may admit the opportunities of the newer voices, we must not forget or neglect the record of what our greater poet, master as he was of the power and music of the English tongue, sang to us not so many years ago.

Tennyson's eye was ever on any part of the empire where the pulse of National being was beating most quickly; and he neglected no episode of courage and daring, no act of endurance, no event of peace or war which added to the National honor. In his "Defence of Lucknow," while he celebrates the valor and energy of the British soldier, he does not ignore the loyal heroism of the natives who remained true to our cause.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let  
the dark face have his due!  
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who  
fought with us, faithful and few,  
Fought with the bravest among us,  
and drove them, and smote them,  
and slew,  
That ever upon the topmost roof our  
banner in India blew.

When we read more modern tributes  
to the heroism of our native allies we

may recognize the justice of them; but we must not forget that it was Tennyson who set the fashion, and turned the mind of England gratefully towards those who stood by us, though they knew that all the impulses that had run through their race for a thousand years were on the side and in the bosoms of the mutineers.

When the pulses of certain public men were beating but feebly in response to Colonial protestations of loyalty, the voice of Tennyson was raised in that fine address to the Queen at the close of "The Idylls of the King," which brought forth Lord Dufferin's warm acknowledgement. He wrote from Rideau Hall, Ottawa, in 1873:

Amongst no people have I ever met more contentment with their general condition, a more legitimate pride in all those characteristics which constitute their nationality, or a firmer faith in the destinies in store for them. Your noble words have struck responsive fire from every heart; they have been published in every newspaper and have been completely effectual to heal the wounds occasioned by the senseless language of *The Times*.

The senseless language was that to which we referred at the beginning of this paper; and the poet's lines which evoked so much comment and admiration were as follows:

And that true North, whereof we lately  
heard  
A strain to shame us: "Keep you to  
yourselves;  
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your  
love  
Is but a burthen: loose the bond and  
go."  
Is this the tone of Empire? Here the  
faith  
That made us rulers? This, indeed,  
her voice  
And meaning, whom the roar of  
Hougoumont  
Left mightiest of all peoples under  
Heaven?

The voice and meaning of England was never perhaps fully and fairly expressed by the Separatist party in England. If it was so expressed, there has been a great and, we may hope, a final change. The process of conversion and conviction has been gradual but certain, and Mr. Forster's ideas have become a permanent part of political opinion. In 1875 the late Lord Derby said:

When I entered Parliament in 1849, and for years afterwards, a Member who should have laid stress on the importance of keeping up the connection with the Colonies would have been set down by advanced thinkers as holding respectable, but old-fashioned and obsolete ideas. The doctrine most in favor was that a Colonial Empire added nothing to real strength, involved needless expense, and increased the liability to war. Now everybody is for holding on to the Colonies which we have got; and a good many people seem to be in favor of finding new ones.

He was unable himself to take very hopeful views of the workable character of schemes for Federation; but he recognized the fact that opinion had advanced, in two or three years, upon that subject. Since his time the advance has been more marked, and though we are still far from having before us a workable scheme, we have at least entertained with favor the idea that such a scheme will at some not distant day be produced; and many intelligent, if yet unsuccessful, attempts have already been made to produce it. And now the poetry of Tennyson has become the policy of statesmen:

The loyal to their crown  
Are loyal to their own far sons, who  
love  
Our Ocean-Empire with her boundless  
homes  
For ever-broadening England, and her  
throne

In our vast Orient, and our isle, one  
isle,  
That knows not her own greatness; if  
she knows  
And dreads it, we are fall'n.

We may now feel safe in the assurance that she does know it and does not dread it, and is not fallen but stronger than ever for the knowledge.

In his verses on the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in 1880 Tennyson once more gave voice to his Imperialist views. He expressed his regret for the one great separation of the race, and his hope for a federal union of what we had gained and kept since then.

Sharers of our glorious past,  
Brothers, must we part at last?  
Shall we not thro' good and ill  
Cleave to one another still?  
Britain's myriad voices call:  
"Sons, be welded each and all  
Into one Imperial whole,  
One with Briton, heart and soul!  
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!  
Britons, hold your own."

There has been, we think, some little tendency to overlook this Imperial note in the verse of the greatest poet of our age. Catching phrases and felicitous occasional verses have fastened themselves on the fancy of the multitude; and vigorous, if somewhat vulgar, appeals to common minds and to material forms of thought have had much popularity. There has been a disposition to entertain ideas too favorable to mere national greed, to warlike passion for the sake of war, and some leaning towards admiration for the coarser side of our military life, and the more hectoring spirit of our National politics. In Tennyson's poetry nothing of the kind will be found. The air he gives his readers to breathe is too rare and pure for any but our best to breathe in; and they are our best who do their duty best and with the purest motives, whether that duty be

fighting, or trading, or prospecting, or colonizing, or taking part in the vast and varied machinery of government. Such as these prevail and rule in the end. As long as they remain with us, part of our National vitality and part

of our Imperial hope, so long will they instinctively find inspiration in the pages of Tennyson. And while this is so we may be sure that the future history of the Empire, though it may be stormy, will not be stained.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.\*

The improvement in the relations between the German Empire and the United States, during the last few months, has been extremely gratifying and, though it has dealt mainly with the general relations between the press, public opinion, and feeling on both sides of the ocean—the official intercourse between the two governments has always been correct and friendly—the change cannot be too warmly greeted.

It would be rating the influence which the Emperor exerts upon the foreign policy of the Empire far too lightly not to give him credit for being the principal cause of this alteration, but the share of the responsible leaders of the Foreign Office in this turn for the better is no trivial one. Internal conditions in the United States, the conflict between political parties, the influence which Washington drawing-rooms, Congress, public opinion, and the press exerted upon one another, and the instigations of the Yellow, Jingo and Imperialist publications, which from the beginning of the Spanish-American difficulties had been endeavoring to foment hostility between the United States and Germany in favor of certain English aspirations, were elements which required a particularly light and skilful hand to lead to a sat-

isfactory result; that this was attained, proves, if there were nothing else to attest it, a masterly treatment.

At the last moment, when success seemed certain, the Samoa incident threatened to make everything doubtful: the situation was the more critical because on the one hand the local union of American and English forces reanimated the Jingo's hopes of an offensive alliance of the Anglo-Saxon governments and revived their efforts to accomplish it; while, on the other, German public opinion was—not unwarrantably—deeply excited over the events in Apla; so it must be regarded as a satisfactory result of the already accomplished improvement in our relations to the United States, and the outcome of the cool and resolute German policy, that not only was injury to these relations avoided, but an agreement reached which, though not a solution of the question wholly satisfactory to all demands and wishes, at least holds out the prospect of a possible *modus vivendi*.

The manner in which the acquisition of the Carolines was regarded by public opinion in America affords another proof of the able and successful management of the Foreign Office; a few months ago, such a success on the part of Germany would have aroused a storm of indignation in the United States, while now it has been univ-

\*Translated for The Living Age by Mary J. Safford.

sally greeted with sympathy. Under these circumstances it is doubly to be regretted that the guidance of German policy, in its relation to the United States and the Samoa question is exposed to attacks which, though not taken very seriously in Germany itself, are calculated to arouse in foreign countries a distrust of the sincerity and continuity of the German policy. The attack upon the Interpellation in the Reichstag on the Samoa question, in which the representatives of all parties hastened to shake off all responsibility for the manner of its introduction, really ought to have shown the hot-spurs of the Farmers League, and the German Union—if the two names do not mean the same thing—that there is no majority, either in the German nation or its representatives, in favor of their efforts. How easily the opportunity might have been converted into an imposing demonstration, instead of, by the unskilful introduction of the interpellation in the Reichstag, rendering the whole thing pointless, and thereby affording the foreign press a welcome pretext for scorn and derision. If anything can console us for the stupidity displayed on this occasion, it must be the conviction, drawn visibly for others, that we are still too honest to avail ourselves of the advantages of a gain which other nations would not suffer to escape them. But our agrarians do not appear to have been converted by the failure of one of their number who, we can only hope, unwarrantably displays the colors of the national liberal party; the attacks upon the policy pursued toward the United States and in the Samoa question, rather increase in virulence in proportion to the distinctness with which it becomes evident that only a minority share in them. Even the shade of Prince Bismarck is conjured up to prove that what, in 1889, was justly praised as

wise moderation, would be unpatriotic and weak in the year 1899. What did Prince Bismarck do when, in 1888, the Samoans, under the leadership of an American, decoyed an expedition composed of sailors from a German man-of-war, sent to punish them, into an ambush and inflicted considerable loss upon them, and the United States showed plainly that they were not disposed to permit an exclusively German government of Samoa? At that time the Prince sought for a solution of the difficulty in negotiations with the other Powers interested in the question, and if Germany to-day limits her demands to the maintenance of the Samoa act of 1889, she is only following the example of the man to whom it owes its origin.

Where should we arrive if the wishes of the Agrarians determined the course of German politics? We should become embroiled with Austria-Hungary, for whose internal perplexities the German residents, as Prince Bismarck correctly says in his "*Gedanken und Erinnerungen*," are largely to blame, and whose maintenance, whatever may be the vacillations and errors of the leading statesmen, is and must remain one of the principal problems of our politics; we should be forced into an economic conflict with Russia, the United States, and England, which, in spite of all peace conferences, might easily become the prelude to more serious, bloody battles. But a party which so greatly lacks proper appreciation of the political necessities of the German empire, cannot and ought not to be allowed an influence in it which would complicate the future of Germany.

A peculiar phenomenon, resulting from the improvement in the relations between Germany and the United States, is the movement observable among the citizens of German descent in the latter country against the forma-

tion of an Anglo-Saxon alliance, directed against Germany, and the imperialistic tendencies realized and dreaded as its fruit. The phenomenon is the more remarkable because, hitherto, the German-Americans have never attempted, as such, to gain any political influence, and where, in several cities, their numbers appeared to ensure them a decisive influence in municipal affairs, they have used it, at the utmost, only to secure the consideration of moderate demands in school and similar questions. So it can cause no surprise that people in the United States have forgotten to regard their votes; where Germans have made themselves prominent as speakers on political subjects, they have appeared as representatives of ideal conceptions and views, which deceived themselves and others about the real significance of the questions under discussion. We need only think of the part played by Carl Schurz, the most influential representative of this ideal standpoint, at the commencement of the Spanish-American complications, to understand how little value the American politicians set upon the German vote. When the writer of these lines was in Washington in 1871, one of the most influential American statesmen told him that the number, unity, and temper of the Germans at the festivities in honor of the peace of Versailles first gave him and others a correct idea of the value and importance of the German race in America, and it was hoped and desired that they would be a counterpoise to other political parties. This opinion may still prevail in many quarters, though conditions have altered materially in the last twenty-eight years. The number of German-Americans, in comparison to the Anglo-Americans, has considerably diminished, and the socialist tendencies of the German laboring population in the United States have alienated sympathy and awak-

ened much suspicion and dissatisfaction.

These are the conditions with which the German-Americans will have to deal; but above all things, if they desire to attain any lasting success, they must clearly understand that not only will they require a very close and firm organization, in order to make up for deficiencies and play in future that part in the decisions of American policy, in internal as well as foreign affairs, to which they are entitled by their numbers, industry, and intelligence, but they must also avoid everything that could awaken in the great mass of the population the belief that this organization was intended for the establishment or maintenance of a special community in the state, an *imperium in imperio*. Within the last few decades the people of the United States have become very sensitive on this point, and with reason. Though there can be no question in the United States of a territorial possession of races ignorant of the necessities of the government, which do not blend with and become subordinate to the population, yet the spectacle which Europe presents, and still more the experiences gained by the emancipation of the negro, have strengthened the feeling that North America must belong solely to the Americans; that is, to the mixed race produced by the immigrants from all the various nations, which has already assumed its fixed ethnological characteristics and signs, and that all centrifugal movements and demands must be condemned and opposed as hostile and harmful to the government. The Americans of German descent will do wisely if, in their organization and efforts, they do not lose sight of this strong and thoroughly justifiable desire for the unity of the government, and speak and act only as Americans. Their success will be no less sure in consequence; for it is precisely as citi-

zens of the United States that they have the right to point out the services which Germany, on more than one occasion, has rendered to the land of their adoption in every direction, and at times when the English brothers who now press forward were open enemies, or very doubtful friends.

The problems in the agricultural and other departments, whose solution will fall to the government of the empire in the immediate future, are so grave and momentous in their consequences that they deserve to attract and fix the attention of the widest circles in our native land.

No outcry, no abuse, will or should be capable of obscuring the fact that, in the changes which the closing century, with its inventions and progress in all the provinces of international intercourse, has occasioned, the artificial raising of the price of food above its value in the markets of the world has become an impossibility, and that every attempt of small, though powerful, groups of interested persons to accom-

plish such a result would be associated with great peril to the population, the government, and the empire itself. The official estimate of the value of the imports of 1897, five hundred and twenty-seven millions for grain, two hundred and sixty-five millions for wooden wares, one hundred and fifty-one millions for cattle, sixty-seven millions for eggs, and sixty millions for hemp and flax (without mentioning fifty-seven millions for fish), proves that the productions of the country are not sufficient for its necessities, but that, by judicious use of the soil and removal of the causes which now burden the individual farmer, not agriculture, ample opportunity will be afforded within the German empire for a healthful development of field and forest culture, cattle-raising, and poultry-breeding; and to accomplish this purpose it is far less necessary to have protective duties on foreign products than a reform at home. To aid this object is a duty which no one ought to neglect.

*M. von Brandt.*

*Deutsche Revue.*

### WESLEY'S SERVICES TO ENGLAND.

The interesting ceremonies connected with the Wesley Commemoration appeal to a far wider audience than that embraced within the limits of the denomination which calls itself by Wesley's venerable name. They also appeal to many who would hesitate to accept the particular theology which Wesley held, and who can no longer find much interest in the controversy between Calvinist and Arminian. England, as a whole, is as truly interested in Wesley as in Shakespeare; and it may well be doubted whether in the long course of her history any one person has ever influenced her life in so direct, palpable, and powerful a way

as has John Wesley. We do not, of course, forget that Wesley was but one of a number of religious teachers and reformers whom we identify with the movement towards what we may call "vital religion." We do not forget the gentle poet of the movement, William Cowper, nor the sweet hymnist, Charles Wesley, nor the wonderful preacher, George Whitefield. We must not even forget contemporary movements in other lands, which we are apt to lose sight of under the great stress of the French Revolution, but which have a vital union with the English Methodist revival. But when all is said and done John Wesley remains



the one supreme and towering figure, a characteristic product of England, and one of the noblest and most saintly of her sons.

If it be asked what is Wesley's supreme title to fame, the answer, we think, would be that he arrested the moral and spiritual decline of England, and that he was the chief agent in the renewal of her inward and spiritual life. An agnostic Whiggism had degraded the Church from a spiritual organization into a mere political mechanism; it had, as Cowper later on put it, made—

"The symbols of atoning grace  
An office-key, a picklock to a place."

The hungry sheep looked up and were not fed; half the parishes in England were void of spiritual life, many were sunk in the lowest vice without restraint or reproof. The governing classes were perhaps even feebler and more corrupt than in the reign of the second Charles. Sir George Trevelyan in his admirable work on the American Revolution has shown how England's failure in her struggle with her Colonies was in no small degree due to her immorality and corruption; and that was when a distinct movement upward had begun. What must have been the condition a quarter of a century before? It seemed as though all the purity and earnestness of the English-speaking folk must henceforth be sought on the other side of the Atlantic, where simple and healthy Puritan life had made its home. The new industry, ill-understood and unregulated, was making slaves of the poor, while the rich were living in practical atheism, and to sneer at religion was the part of a man of fashion. Englishmen were being enriched by slavery and the slave trade, to the horrors of which they were utterly callous. Gibbon and Adam Smith have described for us the learned ignorance and blank indiffer-

ence of the Universities, Horace Walpole has given us an insight into the lives of the upper classes and the morals (or no-morals) of public men. It seemed as though English society were doomed to decadence.

Humanly speaking, we may say that such a decadence would have ensued had it not been for the new movement of which Wesley was the leading religious and moral expression. It may seem at first slight strange to associate his name with those of such different persons as Richardson, Goldsmith, and Rousseau. And yet the philosophic observer, who, like the zoologist, must seek below the surface for real affinities, knows that all represented, each in his way, the movement from routine and dead formalism to sincerity and life. As Rousseau roused Europe from dead beliefs to living ideas, so did Wesley rouse England from death in "trespasses and sins" to a new life of divine possibilities. Think of those poor degraded miners with the tears making white channels down their black faces, and their hearts full of the new teaching that the world was the outcome of divine love and themselves the objects of divine care. It was as truly a revelation to them as to the weary slaves of ancient Rome. It transformed life for them, for it began at the right end, by making obedience to moral law easy in the light of Christian grace and love. We owe it largely to the Methodist movement that, while the French could only renew their outworn structure by violent revolution, the English could transform theirs by peaceable means. Yet Wesley was no quietist, no retiring ascetic. He faced the evils of his time as boldly as Savonarola. Like his contemporary, Dr. Johnson, he was a Tory who at times was consumed with wrath at the existence of social wrongs, and wrote and spoke as a kind

of fervid political evangelist. He denounced slavery as the "sum of all villainies," and this in the age when the pious John Newton was enjoying "sweet" converse with the Lord in the hold of a slaver. It is grossly unfair to connect the movement of "vital" religion with "otherworldliness," though we may admit the partial impeachment urged by George Eliot in her analysis of Dr. Young. The names of Howard, Wilberforce, Elizabeth Fry, Zachary Macaulay, rise in judgment against so false an assertion. To tell the truth, English reforming zeal has mainly come from two quarters,—from Evangelical religion, and from an earnest and sincere, though often crude and aggressive "free-thought." But assuredly the father of vigorous social reform was John Wesley; he labored and others entered into his labors.

But Wesley and his co-workers produced not only a great moral, but also a great intellectual, change in England. We doubt if what the Germans call the *weltanschauung* of a nation was ever so rapidly transformed as was that of England in the last century. Think of the change from the aridity of the Deistic controversy and the hollow brilliancy of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield to the green pastures and still waters of the "Lyrical Ballads," and ask yourself what could have wrought such a marvellous resurrection from the dead. We cannot perhaps explain this, for the spirit, in the last analysis, moveth where it listeth, but we do see that the new literature and thought sprang from a new soil, watered by a new faith which once more saw the world to be divine, and men to be vitally related in social bonds forged by God himself. We also cannot fail to connect Wesley's movement with that later Oxford Movement, so different in many ways but yet like it, a part of that great spiritual uprising against the tyranny of the

world and the things of sense. Regarded as a mere separate movement, the Evangelicalism which came between the Wesleyan revival and the Tractarian development is past and gone; and the mere Oxford Movement *per se* is passing. But if we regard these diverse movements as phases of the spiritual life of England, out of which all manner of noble growths (including the inevitable tares which spring up with the wheat) have come, enriching and enlarging our vast heritage, then we can trace back to Wesley in a supreme degree the source of this great and beneficent influence to which England owes so much. And the movement in its main issue and character has largely expressed the nature of its founder. We have our fanaticisms and our ridiculous sects, as Voltaire told us in those days of brilliant sceptical criticism before Wesley's career began; but the same religious ideal in the main holds the nation as it held Wesley himself. He was a man of culture as well as a man of piety; while burning with zeal for his fellow-men, he was never vain, egotistic, or blundering. He carried into his religion a fine instinct for the "minor moralities of life," and the sole matter for regret which we can associate with him was the bitter controversy with Toplady, who, however, was the more to blame. In the familiar words of the Bidding Prayer, we associate Wesley with "sound learning" as well as "religious education," and we recognize that his genius for organization was as remarkable as his genius for piety. May the country which bore him and the University which reared him give us in the coming century such another religious leader to aid us, in the spirit of sobriety and truth, in the eternal contest with the evils and sins which grow like weeds in our human soil.

